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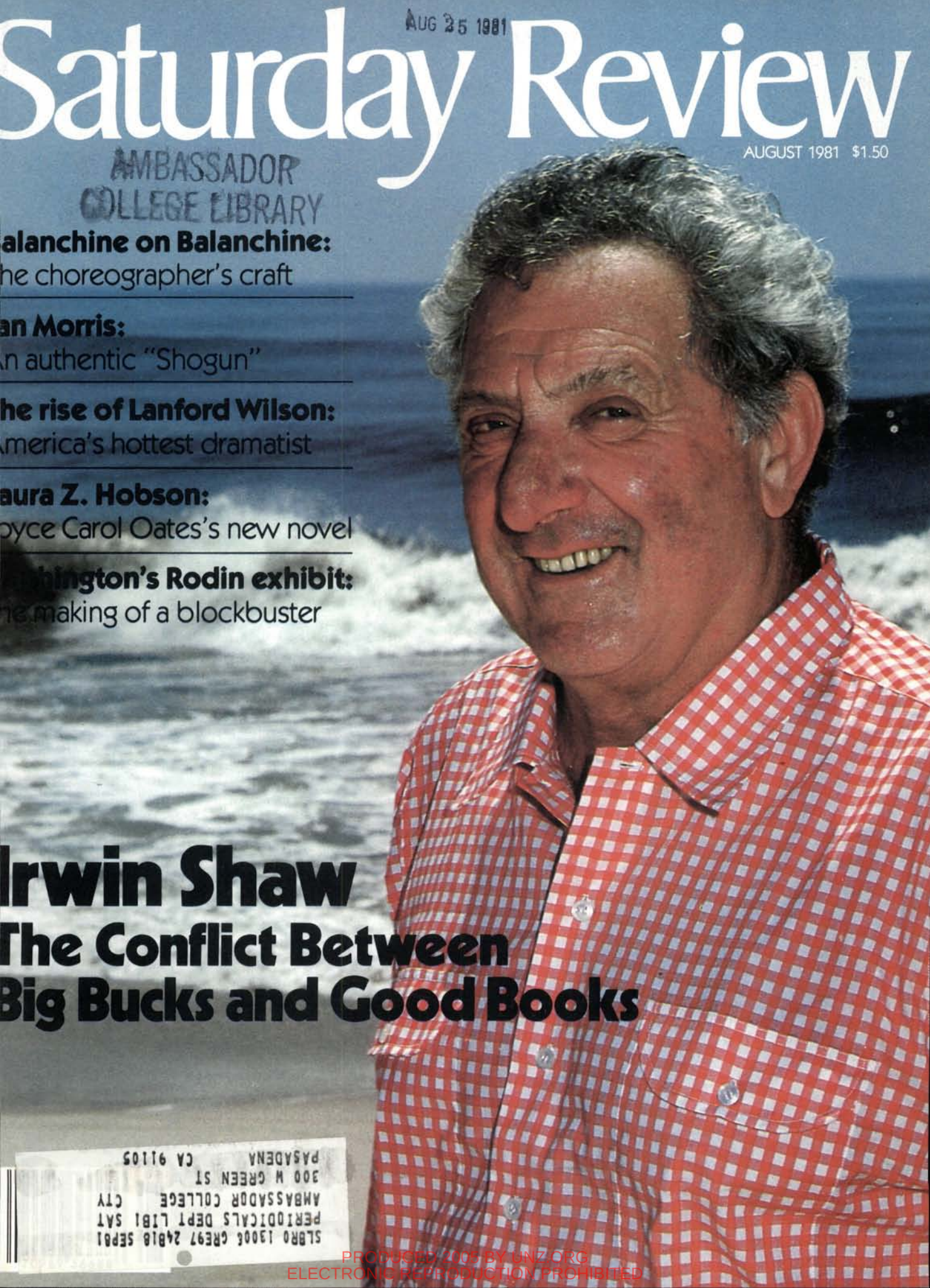

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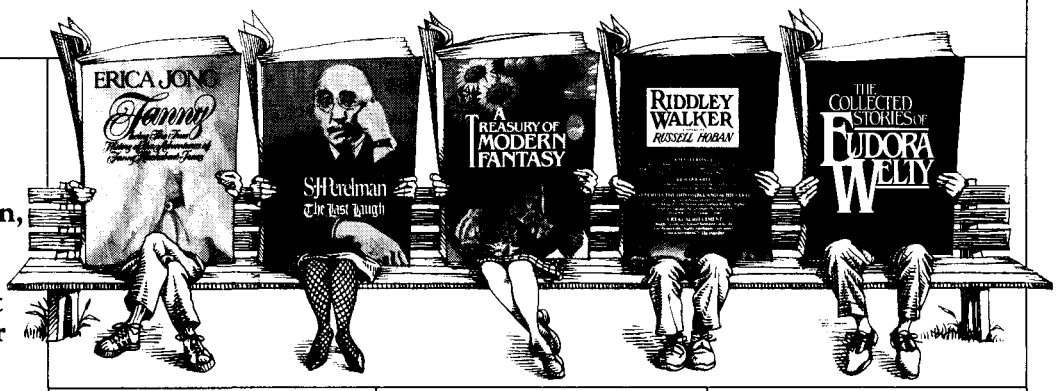

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Lurking KNOWLEDGE

"There has always lurked in modern journalism the knowledge that bad news sells better than good."

–Louis Banks
The Atlantic Monthly, January 1981

Maybe that lurking knowledge is what has given birth to those preconceived notions that mar so many news stories. Notions that the official suspect is probably guilty, that the accusation by a public official is probably valid, that if someone says business—or another doubtful group—has done a dirty deed they've probably done it indeed.

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As an oil company, we've often answered a reporter's call and immediately found ourselves on the wrong end of a preconceived notion. So have some others in business. That's a bad place to begin, for the reporter as well as the quarry. Someone who seems to have reached a verdict before hearing the evidence tends to inspire mistrust, not cooperation. Assembling the facts and expert opinions on any complex news story involving business is work that's done to inform the public, not to pillory scapegoats. And it goes more smoothly for all concerned when the prosecutor's role is put off at least until the facts and the truth are determined.

That will make bad news harder to come by. But it also makes for better business news: the sort that people need to make decisions on the economic questions lurking near the center of almost every public issue this country faces.

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Saturday Review® AUGUST 1981

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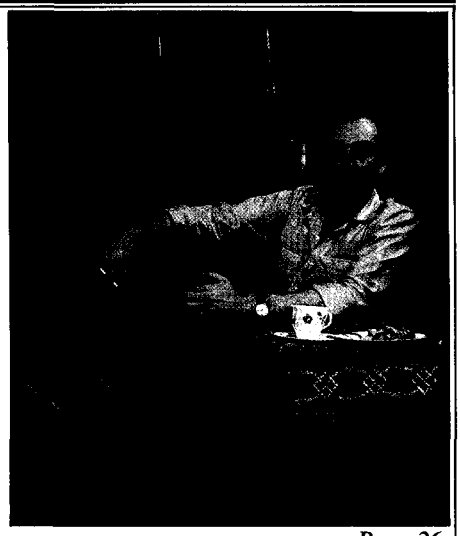

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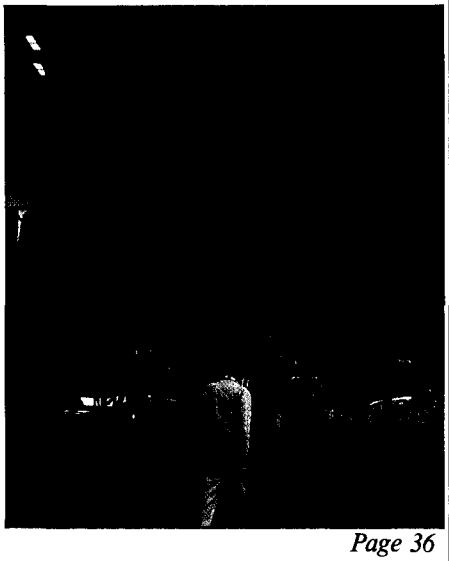

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Book Banning

It seems highly unsuitable for an article such as Stephen Arons's "The Crusade to Ban Books" [June] to appear in *Saturday Review*. To allow Mr. Arons to jump on his soapbox and make such a one-sided presentation is, I feel, below your standards. I am not for wholesale censorship, but why should young, readily influenced minds be subjected to what amounts to trash. One does not need to be a critic, parent, or expert to see that much of what is written today under the cloak of literature is really garbage. I would suggest a rebuttal in a more balanced light.

Philip G. Hanson
Siloam Springs, Arkansas

Perhaps Ronald Reagan should publish a recommended booklist. These titles, and only these titles, would be permitted in the nation's homes and libraries. How long would the public tolerate this attempt at mind-control? If we expect students to respect and prolong our democracy, perhaps we should extend its basic principles to them in the freedom to read and think.

Suzanne D. Smith
St. Clairsville, Ohio

Bacall's Fans, Kauffmann's Critics

I felt moved to write in response to Stanley Kauffmann's review, "New Beckett, Old Bacall" [June]. Lauren Bacall incompetent! Now how could an incompetent actress win a Tony? I would not go to see any movie or play just because Lauren Bacall is the widow of Humphrey Bogart and famous for her opinions. Your reviewer seems to have no respect for the taste of the public. *Woman of the Year* serves its purpose: It is a good musical with a great actress in the starring role. Bacall's Tess is Bacall through and through, and there are many of us who believe that is just fine.

Gail Habbyshaw
Mercer, Pennsylvania

I believe it's incorrect for Stanley Kauffmann to say that Lauren Bacall is the "ex-wife of Bogey." She is the *widow* of Bogey and ex-wife of Jason Robards. Widows don't like to be considered the "ex" of their deceased husbands.

Janice M. Jensen
Syracuse, New York

It was something less than gallant for *Saturday Review* to headline "Old Bacall" in its review of *Woman of the Year*, and for Stanley Kauffmann to declare that Bacall has lost her sex appeal at the age of 56—a thoroughly sexist remark. The fact is that we gals of a certain age work hard to keep our legs firm, our waists trim, and our smiles on high, and are rewarded by the response of the men in our lives. Do Ann Miller, Dinah Shore, Elizabeth Taylor, and Lena Horne lack sex appeal? Age has nothing to do with it.

Margaret Coit Elwell
West Newbury, Massachusetts

Stanley Kauffmann's distaste for Lauren Bacall and his contempt for the audience are so personal that he ends up telling the reader more about himself than the play. I expect more from a reviewer than character assasination.

John F. Barton
Washington, D.C.

Stanley Kauffmann replies: To Habbyshaw: A critic's obligation is to respect his own taste. Then, if he's both competent and lucky, some readers may benefit from his work. To Jensen: You're right. I ought to have said "widow." To Elwell: It was not sexist but sexual to say that Bacall has lost her sex appeal for me. I quite agree that Shore, Taylor, and Horne are still strongly appealing women. The criterion is not age but reaction. Good grief, is it "sexist" not to respond to *every* woman? I'd have thought that undiscriminating response was the worst kind of turkey-cock male chauvinism. To Barton: I don't think the review was out of balance, but I certainly hope I told at least something about myself. Oscar Wilde said that criticism "is the only civilized form of autobiography." What, please, is an impersonal critic?

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Report to the Readers

A number of readers have written to inquire why this page has been silent for so long on national and world issues. For more than a generation the dominant emphasis of *SR*'s editorials has been on questions of overriding importance to the human community. This past year, however, the comment has been confined to literary matters, and some readers wonder whether the world has improved all that much or whether I have simply lost interest. They would like an explanation. I am glad to comply.

Saturday Review was born as a literary weekly. I began writing *SR*'s editorials only a year or two before America's involvement in World War II. The issues posed by that war transcended questions of national survival. They had to do with freedom and the kind of life that would be lived on this earth. We felt it important that a magazine concerned with the creative life of the mind also be concerned with the conditions that made creativity possible.

The end of that war put an end to the imminent threat but brought about an entirely new range of problems. The destructive nature of weaponry that would be used in another war was beyond calculation, but means of preventing war itself were barely minimal. Even in the act of arming themselves, the nations were devouring the world's resources. Other problems were equally global. Population was growing faster than the food supply; hunger was a daily fact of life for almost half the human beings on earth. The air and the seas were filling with contaminants. Nations were bumping against each other in a shrinking world but the rules of international conduct were far from approaching enforcible law. In a world of anarchy, freedom was becoming theoretical.

Last year, when the magazine changed ownership, I was informed that *SR*'s dominant character would revert to the old emphasis on literature and the arts. I was assured that I would continue to be free on this page to write on subjects of my own choosing. Since I strongly supported the general change, I tried in this space to reflect the evolving character of the magazine. During recent months, however, I confess that events have rekindled nonliterary passions.

One recent issue of concern involves the astounding actions of the United States government defending vendors of synthetic milk products who are exploiting the ignorance of mothers in developing countries. I was appalled when the United States stood alone against the World Health Organization resolution criticizing the vigorous sales promotion of baby formula milk products in Third World countries, jeopardizing the health of infants who ought to be nursed. The position of the U.S. administration seemed strangely inconsistent with its stand against abortion. It is immoral, apparently, to deny children the right to be born but it is perfectly moral to jeopardize their right to live.

I confess that recent events have rekindled nonliterary passions.

Just as outrageous is the policy on the arms race. Six presidents—Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, Ford, and Carter—recognized that few things are more dangerous to the existence of life itself than the upward spiral in the arms race. The present administration, however, seems to be doing everything within its power to intensify that spiral. The ban on the manufacture of chemical and biological weapons initiated by President Nixon has been reversed. The government has announced that it will not be bound by its own treaty regarding the Law of the Sea. Sales of arms to other countries are being pressed. Massive military spending is being confused with national security.

Other issues are no less disturbing. Subsidies for growing and promoting tobacco are maintained but school health programs are slashed. Social benefits are denounced as handouts, but it is proposed to open up vast areas of public lands to developers in what may be the greatest giveaway in our history. Bizarre policies are being advanced and defended by reference to endorsements received from the Deity. Men like America's founding fathers, who knew the extreme dangers of mixing politics with religion, would have no difficulty in regarding the current piousness as arrogant nonsense. More and more, the "rendezvous with destiny" foreseen by President Roosevelt and cited by President Reagan seems rather to be a rendezvous with disaster. One gets the impression that government today is a conspiracy of incompetents.

The answer to the question raised by readers, therefore, is that the recent absence of editorials on world issues is not the result of any diminution of concern over what is happening. It is an attempt to be consonant with the new thrust of the magazine. Literature and art are essential to the health of our souls; but all those concerned with the life of the mind must also be aware that we may be drifting toward a world in which creativity has to struggle to breathe. **—N.C.**

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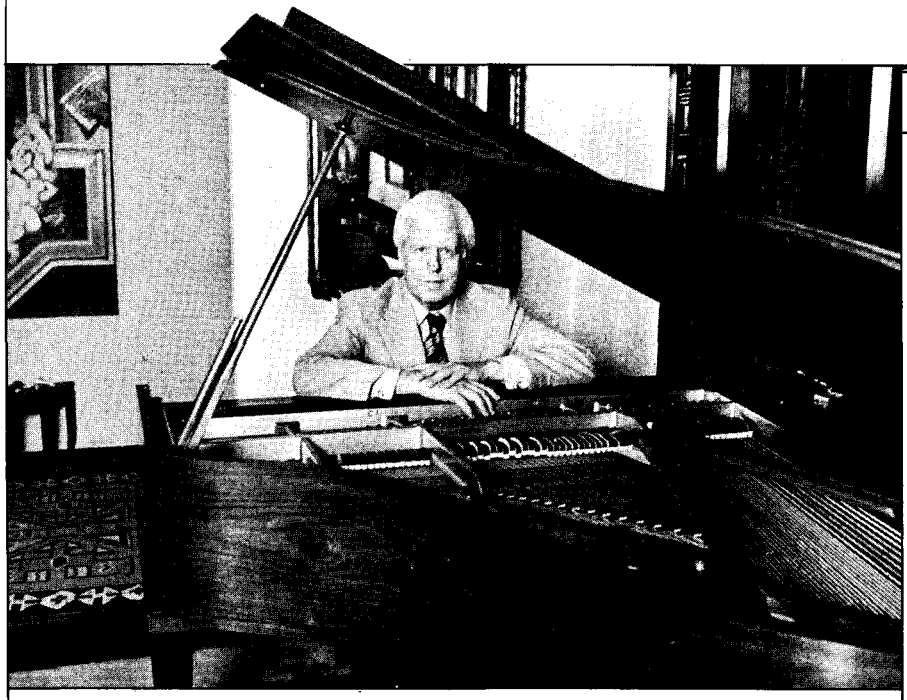

Earl Wild courageously programs *The Ride of the Valkyries* arranged for piano.

Music

Up until the last 30 years or so, the art of musical transcription retained a respectable place in recital traditions. Only with the advent of the lp record in the Fifties did it fall into disrepute—why listen to a piano transcription when you can hear the real McCoy on the phonograph? But, as a result, some of the most exuberant and glittering piano music, transcribed by many top virtuosos has been neglected.

This month at the Wolf Trap festival, near Washington, D.C., pianist Earl Wild will present **A Celebration of the Art of Transcription**, a recital of some of the most flamboyant examples of this genre. Wild's fearless virtuosity will no doubt triumph in such works as Rachmaninoff's transcription of the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Liszt's transcription of Chopin's *Trois Chants Polonais,* and Wild's own piano-version of Tchaikovsky's *Pas de Quatre, sur Le Lac des Cygnes*. No one but Wild programs this material anymore—but such rarity has made it uniquely precious. (August 25.)

Film

Billed as a *Grand Hotel* on wheels, **Honky Tonk Freeway** may put the brakes on director John Schlesinger's precipitous decline. After the heights of *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* and *Midnight Cowboy*, the transatlantic director's career began skidding with his disastrous *Day of the Locust* and continued downhill with *Marathon Man* (a popular hit but a critical debacle) and the soporific *Yanks*.

Honky Tonk Freeway is Schlesinger's first attempt at comedy in which he probes America's car-culture *Zeitgeist*. He observes: a couple of senior citizens (Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy) driving toward retirement in Florida; a harassed family man (Beau Bridges) escaping from responsibility by freeway; a nymphomaniacal waitress (Beverly D'Angelo); a Phoenix dentist and his wife (Howard Hesseman and Teri Garr); a nun and her wayward charge (Geraldine Page and Deborah Rush); two bank robbers; and a spaced-out hitch-hiker; all converging on the mythical town of Ticlaw, Florida. Ticlaw, it seems, is experiencing serious economic woes since the highway by-passed the town, and the mayor (William Devane) is willing to do anything to encourage tourism. Whether or not Schlesinger runs out of gas en route, he deserves at least one more chance behind the wheel. (Opens August 18.)

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A car chase in Schlesinger's *Honky Tonk Freeway* ends in an avalanche of oranges.

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ROGER GREENAWALT

Ron Gentry as Mozart and Joseph Shore as Salieri in Rimsky-Korsakov's opera.

Opera

Peter Shaffer was not the first playwright to be fascinated by the myth that Antonio Salieri poisoned Mozart in a fit of jealousy over the rival composer's genius. A century and a half before the current Broadway hit *Amadeus*, Alexander Pushkin wrote a play on the same subject, **Mozart and Salieri**. As with most of the the great Russian's plays, it was later turned into an opera—this time by Rimsky-Korsakov.

The Chamber Opera Theatre of New York, a small company with large aspirations, will open its 1981-82 season by reviving Rimsky's 45-minute opera at New York's Marymount Manhattan Theater. And to give concertgoers a chance to assess Salieri's talent for themselves, the Opera Theatre will also perform his intermezzo, "Prima la Musica." Rounding out the program—and complementing the Russian twist on the evening's theme—will be Tchaikovsky's "Ave Verum" movement from the Orchestral Suite No. 4 "Mozartina," the composer's reinterpreting of Mozart themes. (August 20 through 28.)

Theater

Broadway shows never used to open in August: Fashionable audiences are off in the Hamptons and critics get grumpy in hot weather. But with financing so precarious today, producers have to plunge ahead whenever they can. This month's offering even looks promising: It's called **The Supporting Cast**, and it's a comedy by George Furth about five friends, all spouses of celebrities. When one of them writes a "tell all" best seller, the others discover themselves as its thinly disguised "fictional" characters.

Playwright Furth won a Tony for his book to the musical *Company*, and he also wrote *Twigs* and Liza Minelli's musical, *The Act*. The director is Gene Saks, whose comic touch has proven reliably commercial on Broadway and in Hollywood. The cast is an amiable crew: Hope Lange, Sandy Dennis, Jack Gilford, Betty Garrett, and Joyce Van Patten. At the very least, Times Square in August will guarantee the show a hot opening. (Premieres August 3.)

Television

Before commerical television discovered bloodshed and jiggling, the networks floundered around trying to figure out what to program. One of their ideas was adult, high-quality drama. (What could they have been thinking of?) This period, roughly from 1948 to 1960, has now come to be remembered nostalgically—and perhaps unrealistically—as the Golden Age of Television. Of course, if gems from this era were to find their way back onto the air today it could only be on Public Television.

Well, this month PBS kicks off a series of just such rebroadcasts with the original production of Paddy Chayefsky's first success, *Marty*, starring Rod Steiger and Betsy Palmer, directed by Delbert Mann. Eva Marie Saint will host the telecast, which will assemble in the studio many of the people from the original production, including Steiger, Palmer, Nancy Marchand, and director Mann. Following in the **Golden Age of Television** series will be *Bang the Drum Slowly* with Paul Newman and George Peppard, *No Time for Sergeants* with Andy Griffith (his TV debut), and *The Days of Wine and Roses* with Piper Laurie and Cliff Robertson. (Check local listings.)

SONNY FOX PRODUCTIONS

Nancy Marchand and Rod Steiger in Paddy Chayefsky's original *Marty*.

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NEVER HAS BEING FISCALLY RESPONSIBLE BEEN SO MUCH FUN.

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It should now be obvious, even to the most insensitive observer, that, in America, the cavalier consumer has gone the way of the dinosaur.

Indeed, today, even those in the most heady income brackets are soberly peering under hoods, comparing fuel efficiency figures and scanning specification sheets with a vengeance.

Why then, in the face of all this circumspection, has the demand for a car as costly as the BMW 320i exceeded even the most optimistic predictions?

Perhaps because while the 320i appeals to people who know money, it also provides the sort of exhilarating performance that prompted one automotive journalist to proclaim it, "The quintessential sports sedan."

WHY CARS WITH SIMILAR MECHANICAL PARTS FAIL TO PERFORM LIKE A BMW.

Two decades ago, when the engineers at BMW suggested that only brilliant, relevant engineering could justify the price of an expensive sedan, considerable scoffing was heard abroad in the automotive community.

Now, of course, these same automakers are caught up in a revolution—cutting cylinders, redesigning suspension systems, converting to diesel engines, tinkering with all manner of electronic devices in a desperate attempt to bring their lagging technology in line with the realities of the 1980's.

The flaw in this frenetic technological scramble, as any automotive expert will attest, is that evolution is always preferable to revolution.

And so the fact that the BMW 320i is the product of twenty years of development and millions of miles of testing gives the car and its driver a rather notable advantage.

Literally decades ahead of those who—while offering a litany of mechanical odds and ends—claim to perform "...nearly as well as the BMW."

A QUANTUM LEAP IN PERFORMANCE WITHOUT A CORRESPONDING DIP IN EFFICIENCY.

To cope with the very real needs of society and the equally pressing requirements of the gas pump, the automakers of the world have exhibited a tendency to sacrifice horsepower and favorable gearing for economy.

Not so the BMW 320i. Its performance remains uncompromised.

Take a spine-tingling curve and the perfectly balanced BMW suspension system—independent on all four wheels—flexes with a resiliency that makes one feel as if the car were slotted into the road.

Press the accelerator and the four-cylinder, hemi-head, overhead-cam engine responds in a manner that harks back to the days before environmental controls. (The secret is an emissions system ingeniously designed around a three-way catalytic converter with a Lambda sensor that electronically corrects the fuel/air mixture to maintain a precise stoichiometric ratio.

Fuel efficient? Astonishingly enough, with five-speed standard transmission, the 320i delivers 25 EPA estimated mpg, 36 estimated highway mileage and, based on these figures, an estimated mpg range of 383 miles and a highway range of 551 miles.

(Naturally our fuel efficiency figures are for comparison purposes only. Your actual mileage and range may vary, depending on speed, weather and trip length. Your actual highway mileage and highway range will most likely be lower.)

A FINANCIER'S DREAM: A CAR THAT APPRECIATES.

As incredible as this statement sounds, the fact still remains that the October 1980 National Automobile Dealers Association Official Used-Car Guide shows the 1979 BMW 320i retained an extraordinary 105.3% of its original price on the used-car market—and an average over the past five years of 94%.

All of which explains why the editor-publisher of Car and Driver magazine—a gentleman not renowned for extravagant praise—recently wrote, "The BMW 320i is the sort of car that enthusiasts turn into legend."

If you find the notion of owning such a car intriguing, we suggest you phone your nearest BMW dealer and arrange a thorough test drive at your convenience.

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Irwin Shaw

The Conflict Between Big Bucks and Good Books

by Ross Wetzsteon

I'm still surprised when people pay me for what I write." Irwin Shaw slouches in his chair, both hands around a glass of Jack Daniels in his lap, smiling like a tired Jewish Buddha. "When I was a kid in Brooklyn, I told this guy I'd take $50 a week for the rest of my life if I could just write what I wanted and he could keep the rest." He leans back, rubs his cheek with a meaty hand, and lets out a long rumpled laugh. "I'm sure as hell glad he didn't take me up on it!"

Irwin Shaw has made money—lots of it. But it's a literary axiom that commercial success is inversely proportional to critical acclaim: As sales mount, reputations decline. (An occasional *Ragtime* only recalls another axiom—the one about the proof of rules). Pondering the best-seller list, critics analyze what went wrong: What middlebrow nerve was touched? What drugstore fantasy was pandered to? And if the author has previously published finely crafted but modestly read novels, where is the betrayal of talent? So with 10 of his 11 novels having appeared on the best-seller list, and with his new novel, *Bread Upon the Waters*, headed there in the fall (it has a 100,000 first printing and is the main Book-of-the-Month Club selection for September), Irwin Shaw has come to represent big bucks and bad books.

The unexamined consensus among the quality controllers of American literature is that Shaw was an exceptionally gifted short-story writer who published a promising first novel and then betrayed his promise. According to the official line, with his laconically pointed dialogue, his controlled tough-guy lyricism, and his anti-rhetorical skepticism, he could have been the heir to Hemingway. Instead, by turning increasingly to beautiful-people pot-boilers, full of sex and violence, set against the cardboard backdrops of Hollywood and Cannes, he did little more than provide source material for TV mini-series starring washed-up ladies' men and failed Charlie's Angels. Ten pages into one of his novels and you can hear the cameras dollying in.

And yet *Bread Upon the Waters*, with its unadorned moral severity, casts an arc of light back over his entire career. Some aspects of his work that once seemed vague and unclear become brilliantly illuminated, while others that once stood out brightly become lost in shadows. In fact, his new novel—arguably his best yet—in paring away everything extraneous to his vision, forces us to reconsider the consensus. Perhaps we have been misreading Shaw all along.

Allen Strand, the hero of *Bread Upon the Waters*, belongs to the world of ordinary rather than beautiful people. His adventures take place not in the opulent resorts of the jet set but in the quiet thoughts of a contemplative man. Superficially unlike Shaw, he's superficially unlike a Shaw protagonist as well—to such an extent that *Bread Upon the Waters* will be universally characterized as an uncharacteristic Shaw novel, a new departure, a different direction. To some readers, it may signal a decline in narrative vigor. To more, I hope, it will indicate a clarification of moral rigor.

Strand teaches high school history, relaxes by strolling in Central Park, sleeps only with his wife. Pity the publisher's blurb writer: What can he say about a 50-year-old teacher with a wife and three children whose only story is that he suffers a mild heart attack and stoically watches as his family slowly drifts apart? One evening, just as Strand and his family are sitting down for dinner in their West Side apartment, their youngest daughter comes through the door, supporting an elderly gentleman. He's just been mugged in Central Park and she's frightened off his attackers with her tennis racquet. It turns out that the elderly gentleman is a mysteriously wealthy lawyer, and out of gratitude he gradually insinuates himself into the lives of the Strand family. Just concert tickets at first, then a weekend at his estate in the Hamptons, then.... There's something ominous about his generosity, something disruptive about his attentions.... But Shaw resists histrionics; the twists of the plot involve only the ordinary decisions of Strand's daily life. And yet by the end of the novel these decisions test and virtually destroy the family.

Like many of Shaw's characters, Allen Strand is suffering "a mid-life crisis." But the crises come in unanswered phone calls rather than blown deals, small family deceits rather than steamy adulteries, daily disappointments rather than soap-opera revelations—an erosion of the familiar so slow Strand can hardly see it happening until it's over. The moral choices of everyday life, the quiet victories and defeats of a decent man—this, then, is a

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novel of conscience, and it can only end with the protagonist alone.

Unfortunately, in keeping with Strand's character, the novel has more than its share of vacuous platitudes ("We're like two people in the water, in different currents, slowly being pulled away from each other"). But there's also an elegaic note Shaw has rarely sounded before:

> What changes a year, not even a year had made, what uprootings, blows, sad discoveries, defections. The rumble of the ocean oppressed him, the waves rolling in implacably, eroding beaches, undermining foundations, menacing, changing the contours of the land with each new season. Old harbors silted over, once thriving seaports lay deserted, the cries of gulls over the shifting waters plaintive, melancholy, complaining harshly of hunger and flight and the wreckage of time.

Has Irwin Shaw mellowed? Or have we been misreading him all along? In fact, *Bread Upon the Waters,* reflecting its serene biblical title, reveals that for all the glamour of his settings, Shaw is always concerned with decency of character; that for all the adventures of his stories, he is always obsessed with virtuous behavior. Far from uncharacteristic, then, this novel suggests that his other books too are all moral fables.

"The decline of Irwin Shaw" is a myth, and like all myths has its purpose. For while middlebrow taste has a strong stake in the standard American success story, highbrow taste has just as strong a commitment to its opposite—that the standard American success story is inevitably a story of moral corruption. (That this is to some degree the story Shaw himself tells in his novels only compounds the irony.)

Not that Shaw hasn't handed his critics enough weapons—several hundred thousand of his millions of words are indistinguishable from the computer printouts of Robbins, Wallace, Sheldon, and Susann. But the point is that, especially when re-read in light of *Bread Upon the Waters*, his early novels, while full of promise, are hardly masterpieces of modern literature, and his later novels, while full of compromise, are hardly the epitome of drugstore trash. Put another way, his strengths and weaknesses have been there all along, in each and every novel.

Shaw's strengths as a novelist are those of another century—relentlessly fluid narrative, dramatically focused set pieces, and sharp, incisive dialogue—which help account for both his critical disfavor (the current canon stresses narrative fragmentation, inconclusive confrontation, and failed communication) and his commercial success (in the age of 90-minute electronic media, the public can turn only to the popular novel for sprawling saga). In short, Shaw is that most contemptible of contemporary writers—a believer in *stories*.

On the other hand, Shaw frequently suffers from the short-story writer's inability to form a coherent whole out of brilliant sequences. Furthermore, his work is too often cheapened by factitious glamour, shallow characterizations, and pompous attitudinizing, to say nothing of centerfold sex and gung-ho violence. Worst of all, the anti-rhetorical inheritance from Hemingway, laconically exposing the pious platitudes of the day, occasionally turns into a kind of sentimental cynicism.

But all the time, in every novel, sometimes embedded in the narrative structure itself, sometimes barely glimpsed through the smoke of post-coital cigarettes, we can now see that the key to his novels is moral choice. Yes, in Irwin Shaw's novels, one has to make moral choices even in Cannes! If one expects something more from the heir to Hemingway, one expects far less from the peer of Robbins.

Shaw wrote a best seller. "From then on, I couldn't buy a good review."

In re-reading *The Young Lions*, for instance, published in 1948, one can see why many readers still regard it as his finest novel, but one can also find passages, scenes, and characters indistinguishable from those in novels regarded as his worst. What remains of enduring value, of course, are the demythologizing of the war (a sympathetic Nazi character; unflinching reminders of American anti-Semitism; a scorn for patriotic homilies); the shattering set pieces (the desert massacre of the English company; the white-maned preacher at Dover; Christian cutting the throat of the concentration camp commandant); and the unique Shaw voice ("She's the kind of girl who's always saying she doesn't like your shirts. Know that kind?"—what other writer has struck precisely that tone?).

But the same writer who could so brilliantly deromanticize ideology was also capable of romanticizing the glibbest cynicism. ("Same songs, same uniforms, same enemies, same defeats. Only new graves.") In fact, the lapses for which Shaw has been so severely castigated were there from the beginning: adolescent posing ("He loved the war because in no other way could a man be truly tested"); ponderous moralizing ("She was Roger's girl, and ... it was inconceivable that he, Noah, could repay the generous acts of friendship even by the hidden duplicity of unspoken desire"); and preposterous "creative writing" ("Outside the room he heard the murmur of seven million people walking through the streets and corridors of the city"). When we read prose like this, how can we talk of a subsequent "decline"? Yet for all its passages of brilliance and banality, we can now see that at the heart of the novel are the moral choices made by its three central characters.

While *The Young Lions* was forgiven for its lapses, *Rich Man, Poor Man* (1969) wasn't credited with its virtues. There's no need to dwell on its flaws—the papier-mâché characters, the paperback prose, the cheap macho irony. Instead, it must be acknowledged that Shaw's narrative drive remains unflagging, and that the novel contains far more incisive dialogue ("'There's nothing like a failing marriage,' she said, 'to bring out flights of rhetoric'"), concise characterization ("'They're nobody's friends,' Gretchen said. 'They're drinkers'"), and sharp insight ("He had old-fashioned manners and up-to-date hatreds") than any mere hack entertainer could hope to achieve in a lifetime. More to the point, all three of the novel's major characters struggle to become better people.

Re-read the other novels too, and discover neither Hemingway nor Robbins but the last of the tough old pros, halfway between the two. Behind *la dolce vita* of Rome's international film colony in *Two Weeks in Another Town* (1960) is the story of a man who looks back at the bright promise of his youth, and who attempts to salvage some decency and honor from the compromises and betrayals into which he fell. Or re-read *Evening in Byzantium* (1973), the story of a man attempting to retain

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his integrity in a tabloid world. Or still another example, *Beggarman, Thief* (1977), a story about the struggle, in short, to become a better man.

The story Irwin Shaw has told again and again, "the story of a man who looks back at the bright promise of his youth, and who attempts to salvage some decency and honor from the compromises and betrayals into which he fell"—this is also the story told of Irwin Shaw's career. Only his critics leave out the second half.

Born in the Bronx in 1913, Shaw spent most of his childhood in Brooklyn. "We lived down at Brighton Beach," he recalled once, "which was a wild place then. In front of our house there was a mile of just wasteland to the beach. There was nothing else. They were still farming there, they had creeks where ya swam, ya fished, ya canoed."

He read Hemingway, of course, and Fitzgerald, also Joyce, Shaw, and Chekhov. "But ya know? If ya wanna read prose that just flows in endless invention, ya gotta go back to Dumas—*Three Musketeers, Twenty Years After, The Count of Monte Cristo.*"

After graduating from Brooklyn College, where he played quarterback on the varsity football team, he began his professional writing career in 1934, turning out scripts for radio serials. In 1936, at the age of 23, his play *Bury the Dead* was a Broadway success, and shortly afterward he began writing short stories for *The New Yorker* that some critics still regard as his greatest claim to literary renown. "My parents tried to dissuade me from this absurd profession," he once said. "They'd get all their most important friends t' say, ya know, nobody's a writer. Learn to be a schoolteacher, a lawyer, a doctor. No, I'm gonna be a writer. This was when I was 14, 15 years old. And my mother used to call them *bubbermeisers*, ya know, grandmothers' tales. She denies it now. She tells everybody, 'we always encouraged him!'"

During World War II, he wrote for *Stars and Stripes* and *Yank*, then was assigned to direct films of combat for the Signal Corps. Out of this experience came *The Young Lions* in 1948, at once the beginning of his fame and of his "decline." "That got great reviews," he once complained, "and that was a big best seller. And from that time on, I couldn't *buy* a good review. I'd become a best seller. And people got on me sayin' I was writing for money.... For a long time, I haven't been taken seriously by the critics, ya see? They don't even review me, for example, in the *New York Review of Books*. There are several reasons. Part of the reason is that myth, ya know, that I live out of the country and I'm a, ya know, a success. An automatic success. A money machine. That's part of it. And it's ridiculous."

Ridiculous? Then what makes Irwin run? Not money, certainly—both his books and his conversation are studded with contempt for a culture obsessed with wealth and admiration for individuals scornful of its corruptions. Not fame—in the age of the talk-show writer, he resolutely turns down nearly all requests for interviews. And in a society in which notoriety too often replaces talent as the measure of an artist's achievement, he lives a quiet, semi-reclusive life, half the year in the small Swiss town of Klosters, half the year in a secluded area of Southampton—far from gossip columns, literary feuds, and cameo appearances in *People*. Not glamorous sex, either—though he is

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rumored to have a roving eye, he was married to the same woman for nearly 20 years, and he began living with her again seven years after their divorce in the late Sixties. They are still together. He has never been romantically linked with media sex symbols.

Perhaps a clue to Shaw's drives can be found where most clues are located—in childhood. Irwin Shaw's father was a real estate salesman who was wiped out in the crash of 1929. This gave Shaw an early burden of financial responsibility, which must have weighed heavily on a 16-year-old boy entering the Depression. The most obvious way of escaping the lower-middle-class (a frequent preoccupation of his characters) is through making money (a frequent mistake of his characters). But an even quicker route is through fantasy, through daydreams, through imagination (remember, too, how many of his characters are artists).

Even today, in his thick accent straight off the docks, he speaks of the writer as a kind of elitist—"once you buy a typewriter you're no longer one of the masses." And his novels have a curious ambivalence—while on the one hand they're contemptuous of money, on the other they're enamored of glamour, and the hero's struggle is often an attempt to resolve this dilemma. What better way than to make an honorable profession out of the vicarious, than to make a lucrative living through honest fictions? Rich man, poor man—Shaw, of course, is referring to both pocket and spirit. It seems possible, then, that what drives Irwin Shaw—and this would certainly help account for his enormous popularity with the reading public—is the desire to escape the economic constrictions of the lower-middle-class while at the same time retaining its moral values.

Irwin Shaw pulls himself out of his chair and slouches to the bar of his Southampton home to refill his glass. "I can't work this morning. I'm drinking because I'm so angry at what they did to my stories on TV last night. 'The Girls in Their Summer Dresses,' those other two—they completely ruined them. Just like the movie of *The Young Lions*—a complete betrayal of what I wrote."

He moves slowly back across the room, his hand pressed against his hip, and with a painful stooping movement eases himself back into his chair. "I've become a bionic man," he grumbles in his Brooklyn accent. "I used ta be an athlete until I had ta get this goddamn fake hip. The body remembers...." He sips from his glass. "Erosion! Age!" he suddenly exclaims with a beaming grin.

Shaw settles deeper into his chair, crosses his hands on his belly, and lets out a grunt of pleasure. "I don't care if I make money when I'm writing. If I do, fine. If not, that's fine too." He sips from his glass. "Actually, I seem to have sailed into an area of calm at last—though it's taken me 67-and-a-half years to get there."

He rubs his mouth with his forearm, rumples his hair, coughs. "I've long since given up trying to figure out what book is going to be commercially successful. This book now—there's been more pre-publication enthusiasm than for any of my books since *The Young Lions*." He gives a who-the-hell-knows shrug. "You figure it out. There's no sex, no violence, everybody behaves honorably, there's nothing but stringent moral problems. When people out here found out parts of the book take place in the Hamptons, they were afraid I was going to spill the beans—who's screwing who, that kind of thing." He shifts in his chair, crosses his legs, winces. "That's of no importance to me. Damned hip is killing me. Stringent moral problems."

> ***"Nobody'd write a book like* Bread Upon the Waters *if he only wanted to make money."***

A photographer arrives. She tells Shaw her doctor has a message for him. "Yeah?" "He told me to tell you, you should win the Nobel Prize." He coughs again, skeptical. "I have several ailments," he says. "What are his specialties?" "He's my gynecologist." "Oh Christ!" he laughs uproariously, slapping his belly and rocking back and forth. "Oh Christ! Well, tell the good doctor thanks anyway."

He picks up an envelope. "I just heard my publisher has taken out insurance on me for my next book. Twice my advance. Hell, they'd make more money on me if I died. I'm not Garbo, you know," he grumbles amiably at the photographer. "You don't have to worry about getting my good side."

Critics? "I'd be lying if I said they don't bug me," he says. "Even when they say good things it's never the same as the image you have of yourself. You, for instance, I don't know what you're going to write, but I do know one thing"—he wags his forefinger and grins, but he's not kidding—"whatever you write, I'm gonna be annoyed."

Talking to Shaw's friends, the one thing you hear over and over is his anger at the accusation from critics that he's "gone commercial." "That's crap," he says. "I wish I *did* know how to write for money. But nobody'd write a book like *Bread Upon the Waters* if all he wanted was to make money.

"Actually, I dreamed this book," he says. "It was in Switzerland. I woke up in the middle of the night—something about a king and a noble beggar. I remembered what happened to Coleridge, you know, that 'Kubla Khan' thing, how he forgot it. So I got outta bed in the middle of the night and typed up two or three single-spaced pages—it had a beginning, a middle, an end, everything—then I went back to bed. And in the morning, I realized I had the makings of a book. I saw this whole family, every one of them.

"All of literature comes out of the family—Oedipus, Hamlet—even Genesis is a family story. Storytellers always revert to the family—the people we're born from and the people born to us. It's impossible to exhaust." He reaches across his chest and scratches his shoulder. "I guess it's a conservative book—in ways I've always been conservative—honesty, courage, fidelity."

His hero's name: Strand—like a road?

He looks up and smiles. "I didn't think about it, it just came out that way."

Strand—like alone?

Irwin Shaw shakes his head. "Like a road. The road he has to take." He thinks for a moment, leaning forward, his chin in his hand, then says quietly, "Knows who he is, what he stands for, what he has to do. Not romantic, not mentally clouded, not over-optimistic or over-pessimistic. Just sane and clear-eyed and decent. Survives that way."

He pauses, looks up, suddenly leans back in his chair, slaps his belly, and laughs like a longshoreman. "Well, we can try!" ■

Ross Wetzsteon is a senior editor at the *Village Voice* and a frequent observer of the literary scene.

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The Making of a Blockbuster Exhibit

by Peter Andrews

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The show is supposed to open within a few days and the scene is one of barely controlled pandemonium. The house is ringing with the sounds of hasty carpentry as designers struggle to get everything into place. A major cast change has just been announced that will require some reshuffling of the production, and there is trouble regarding the accommodations for one of the stars. The lighting crew is working overtime to get the sets looking just right—and no one is exactly sure how much the whole production is going to cost. But an opening is an opening and the show will go on as scheduled.

If all of this sounds like a typical show-business melodrama of backstage life, it's because that's what it is. The location may be the National Gallery of Art, in Washington, D.C., and not the National Theatre a few blocks away, but the guiding principles are much the same.

The East Building of the National Gallery has put on shows before—perhaps 30 each year since it opened in 1978—but *Rodin Rediscovered* is the biggest thing of its kind the institution has ever undertaken. The exhibition (which opened the end of June and will run for six months) has been planned as a blockbuster show designed to be remembered along with the famous Picasso and King Tut productions. The careers of more than a few art historians could rise or fall based on the public and professional acceptance of this show.

The most immediate difference between the mounting of *Rodin Rediscovered* and, say, the filming of *Gone With the Wind* is that, by comparison, *Gone With the Wind* was a quickie production: It took only three years to bring Margaret Mitchell's novel to the screen. The Rodin show has been 12 years in the making.

The first recorded reference to the show appears in the minutes of a board meeting in February 1969, when Gallery director J. Carter Brown suggested the idea. Rodin was a personal favorite of his and an artist he felt was insufficiently appreciated. But beyond wanting to "do something," the director had no particular plan in mind. The Gallery turned to Professor Albert Elsen of Stanford, America's preeminent Rodin scholar, and appointed him guest curator and chief consultant to give the basic idea some shape and direction. Four years later, Elsen had sketched out several ideas for a smallish exhibit, culled from the personal collection of American financier B. Gerald Cantor. Cantor is widely credited with having the most important private Rodin collection (profiled in *SR*, January 1981), and he and Elsen, as fellow Rodin-buffs, were old friends.

Still, any public exhibit culled from Cantor's private collection would necessarily be limited since the bulk of Rodin's artistic output is housed in the Musée Rodin in Paris. The French have always been notoriously prickly when it comes to sharing their artwork with foreigners, and the Musée Rodin, which seemed to think of itself as Rodin's concierge as well as his conservator, was particularly protective. Artistic and historical materials important to the understanding of Rodin were kept under close guard—even French scholars had difficulty getting at them.

Then in 1975, Monique Laurent was appointed director of the Musée and the cultural winds changed dramatically. "Almost at once," Elsen recalls, "there was a totally different climate regarding access to the archives and the lending of artwork to other museums. A substantial body of Rodin's work, much of which had never been seen before, even in France, suddenly became available."

Thanks to unlooked-for cooperation from the French, the way had been opened to expand the scope of the exhibition from a few pieces of Rodin statuary into a full-blown retrospective, illustrating the broad range of 19th-century French sculpture and placing Rodin in his time. The show reveals Rodin first as a brash and disquieting artist trying unsuccessfully to gain entrance with his rough-hewn work into the rarefied world of the Paris salons during the 1870s and, eventually, as the great creative force who set the course of contemporary sculpture.

Elsen divided the show into 10 separate sub-exhibits, beginning with a recreation of a Paris salon show and continuing through various facets of Rodin's career. He gathered experts from around the country (many of them his former students) to oversee each section. As experts, each curator knew which museums owned appropriate sculptures, and they began calling to gather them in.

Bequests to a museum occasionally stipulate that a donation must never travel on loan. But more often, museums are able and eager to cooperate with each other. Lending sculpture to an internationally important exhibit such as *Rodin Rediscovered* suggests that the lending museum owns works of particular significance. In addition—though there is rarely a spoken

Below, director of the National Gallery of Art, J. Carter Brown (left), and Rodin expert Albert Elsen, examining "The Gates of Hell." Opposite, an 1870 Paris salon, as recreated by the National Gallery, with Anton Mercié's "Gloria Victis" in the center.

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quid pro quo in museum loans—favors proffered can bring favors in return. In the case of the Musée Rodin, for instance, favors had already been received: Gerald Cantor had given the museum substantial donations in the past, and his participation in the Rodin exhibit helped secure the Musée's largesse.

The Musée may also have believed that *Rodin Rediscovered* could help reestablish the artist's prestige. Few areas of fine art have ever fallen quite so far out of critical favor as 19th-century French sculpture. The curator of the National Gallery's "Salon" sub-exhibit, Dr. Ruth Butler of the University of Massachusetts, remembers that she staged the first major retrospective of 19th-century French sculpture in Louisville, Kentucky, as recently as 1971. Only one critic bothered to come at all and he called the show, "garbage."

But if Americans were laggard in their appreciation of period French sculpture, the French were even further behind. Sculpture of the 19th century, which had once constituted a national treasure, had come to be regarded as something of a national embarrassment. Most of the significant pieces of 19th-century sculpture, when they survived at all, had been backhanded to darkened corners of obscure French public parks, and lesser works were left by the thousands in warehouses. "There were more than 5,000 major pieces produced in France during the 1870s," says Butler, "but today you would have to be an archaeologist to find more than a handful of them."

Anton Mercié's "Gloria Victis," the single most popular sculpture produced in France during the 1870s and part of the Rodin show, had disappeared by the middle of the 20th century and was only discovered about three years ago in a "sculpture cemetery" in a Parisian suburb along with 2,000 other statues awaiting demolition. This cache was saved by the intervention of French art historian Théresê Burollet, who was asked by a utility company that owned the cemetery to sift through the statues and decide which ones should be spared the wrecker's ball. "All of them," she told the astonished utility executives, and had the entire lot trucked across town for safekeeping. Paul Cabet's haunting marble, "1871," also now in Washington, was found in a storage depot in Nuits-Saint-Georges. Alexandre Falguière's "Switzerland Welcoming the French Army," which established the model for French public monument sculpture of the period, was found in the hallway of a provincial military hospital.

Butler tracked down all of these one-time salon stars and had them crated and shipped to Washington. Eventually the curators assembled almost 400 sculptures in bronze, plaster, marble, and terra-cotta, as well as photographs and drawings from the Louvre in Paris and from major American museums in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago. The Musée Rodin alone loaned some 180 pieces including 50 photographs, 50 drawings, and 40 plasters never previously exhibited.

The star of the show, however, is a private loan from Gerald Cantor: He had Rodin's monumental "The Gates of Hell" cast in bronze (which the artist intended but never lived to complete) at a cost of $2.5 million. This depiction of Dante's *Inferno*, originally conceived as the entranceway to a Paris museum that was never built, is a compendium of the sculptor's genius and includes the originals of his most famous works, "The Thinker" and "The Kiss." This is the first time "The Gates of Hell," which will later be donated to Stanford University, has served as an integral part of an exhibition since Rodin himself displayed it in plaster in 1900.

The greatest threat to an exhibit comes from bored guards who deface art for the hell of it.

Inevitably, there were a few big ones that got away. The nearby Hirshhorn Museum could not see its way clear to lend the National its excellent casting of "The Burghers of Calais," and there was a last-minute snag with French authorities. Three important early marbles by Rodin were declared property of the French state and scheduled for installation at the new Musée d'Orsay. Suddenly, they were not available for loan.

Nevertheless, the National Gallery exhibition gradually turned into the largest display of Rodin in history. In view of the size of the exhibition, Carter Brown authorized the use of all four levels of the East Building. It is the first time the National Gallery has given so much floor space to a single show.

Unexpectedly, the show was almost stopped in its tracks by lack of money. Mounting a major exhibition can cost anywhere from $600,000 to $1.3 million, and the securing of corporate grants to help underwrite expenses has become a necessary part of the international art scene. At first, when the Gallery hoped outside underwriting requirements might be kept as low as $100,000, a company described as a "nice small-sized company with an interest in sculpture" had agreed to underwrite the show. Then, plans expanded, the anticipated expense rose sharply, and suddenly stakes got too steep for the "nice" company. Last November it got out. With the show scheduled to open in seven months, the Gallery found itself nearly a half-million dollars short, with no corporate sponsor at all. There are few sure sources of quick donations on such a scale. The Gallery decided to try IBM.

Carter Brown journeyed up to IBM corporate headquarters in Armonk, New York, with the Gallery's plans for the Rodin exhibit. A few weeks later, the company came through with $400,000. "What usually takes a great deal of time in these matters," explains IBM's manager of special projects, Dick Berglund, "is that we need additional information about the project. But the National Gallery's proposal was so complete it was easy to make the decision." Berglund describes IBM's swift munificence as "routine."

With money in the bank, the Gallery could go ahead with such mundane matters as having the materials crated and shipped to Washington. Packing and shipping, along with insurance, are two of the largest items on the budget of an exhibition. People at the Gallery don't like to talk about costs anymore than they have to. This is partly because of a somewhat condescending attitude that the public "tends to run with figures they don't understand," and partly because the Gallery honestly doesn't know. "We try to stay as close to our projections as possible," explains Jack

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Spinx, who handles incoming exhibition materials at the Gallery.

But bringing artwork across the Atlantic is a good deal more complex than a family moving its household goods. Cases have to be specially constructed, and they cost between $100 and $500 apiece. Then, whenever possible, everything is flown, because, expensive as it is to air-mail a 3,000-pound statue, it is cheaper than paying stratospheric insurance rates involved with over-water transportation, where dock pilferage is a way of life. The general rule is "never send anything by boat unless it is too heavy to steal"—such as "The Gates of Hell," which weighed 10 tons in its 14-by-22-by-5-foot case. The giant package was trucked through France only at night because it blocked country roads. Then it was loaded on a ship at Le Havre, where it sailed to Baltimore, and next was trucked to Washington. No door at the Gallery was big enough to accommodate it, so a crew had to remove a section of the outside wall to bring it inside. Then it took a crew of a dozen men three days just to set it in place. "We're waiting for the bill on that one," says Spinx with a weak smile.

Insurance is another expense that gnaws away at a museum's budget. In general, the greatest single threat to art in the open comes not from crazed vandals passing through but from bored guards who deface paintings just for the hell of it. The National Gallery has an excellent record in this regard, so it managed to secure a relatively low insurance rate of approximately 10¢ per $1,000 declared valuation per month for Rodin.

Mounting an art exhibit is necessarily a combination of scholarship and show business. A properly produced exhibition should engage the interest of the professional art historian and museum curator without boring the general public. There are academic gunslingers around who build their reputations by blowing each other out of the water at the first sign of fuzzy scholarship. "One way I can judge the strength of an exhibition," says National Gallery assistant director and chief curator Charles Parkhurst, "is by the kind of job applications we get after it is over. Good shows attract good people."

At the same time, curators set great store by general public acceptance. "When it comes to quality," Parkhurst insists, "the public has infallible taste. They will always come to what is good and they will always stay away from what is not." Museum curators note that the public confirmed the high esteem among professionals for *The Splendor of Dresden* by making the touring exhibit a hit. By the same token, most professionals feel that *The Search for Alexander* is a dog, and the public is agreeing by staying home.

Carter Brown's directives for mounting *Rodin Rediscovered* were blunt: "I want a show that has a big opening and a big finish and drags the audience along by the short hairs in between." In response, design director Gaillard Ravenel created a "waterfall" design for the exhibit. The top level recreates an 1870 Paris salon show, swathed in deep red wall hangings and stuffed with statuary and greenery. "The idea," Professor Elsen explains, "is to immediately take the audience back in history to the time when Rodin was first trying to break into the art world."

As the audience descends it comes into nine more sub-exhibits: Rodin at work in his studio, his experiments with photography, and so on. Halfway down the audience sees "The Gates of Hell" displayed in a balconied room, affording an opportunity to view Rodin's masterwork from above as well as below. The show continues to spill down to the concourse and to the last exhibit, "Rodin and the Beginnings of Modern Sculpture," in which Rodin can be seen as one of the pioneers of contemporary sculpture.

With only a few days to go before the press preview, Ravenel admits to being "ga-ga" from fatigue, but the show is falling into place despite frayed tempers. A carpenter who has just finished his third platform for a Bartholdi statue of "Lafayette Arriving in America" announces, "That's it. I'm finished. Take any one of the three you like, but no more of this." Then, shortly after a heroic statue of Balzac has been placed on a seven-foot pedestal, Elsen calls Ravenel from California to make sure Balzac is placed on a 10-foot pedestal.

HIRSCHHORN MUSEUM AND SCULPTURE GARDEN, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

When *Rodin Rediscovered* began looking like a blockbuster, the Hirshhorn Museum discovered it could loan "The Burghers of Calais" to the National Gallery after all.

Ravenel looks at the statue and declares earnestly, "You're going to love it, Al. It dominates the whole room."

Like a Broadway show, an art exhibit isn't a hit until the public and the critics have had their say. But there are eleventh-hour signs that the National Gallery will have the blockbuster it was hoping for: The Hirshhorn Museum, which earlier would not release "The Burghers of Calais," now finds that because of some renovation, it will be able to spare the work for a few months. Lovely. A nine-ton Noguchi stone slab is forklifted out of the National Gallery into the side lawn, and the Burghers are put in its place.

"I hate to guess," says Charles Parkhurst nervously surveying the last-minute chaos, "but if ever a show ought to work, this one should." ■

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Publishing's Ten Biggest Bets

by Charles Kaiser

Simon & Schuster agreed to pay Carl Sagan $2 million for his first novel after reading an outline that was actually a 113-page film treatment coauthored by the astronomer's wife. Sagan's agent, Scott Meredith, announced the contract last January, calling it the biggest single-book deal ever. But rival agent Mort Janklow insists that *his* advance for Judith Krantz's next novel is actually "light years" bigger.

Arthur C. Clarke is in semi-retirement in Sri Lanka, where he enjoys tax-free status as a "special citizen" and the services of "literally twenty-one servants." But Random House has managed to lure him back to the typewriter with a $1 million advance to write *2010: The Second Odyssey.*

Little, Brown has promised Norman Mailer $4 million for his next three novels (which are supposed to carry us from ancient Egypt through the American Civil War and on into outer space). And even Burt Reynolds's unfinished autobiography is worth more than $1 million to Arbor House.

Could these huge numbers be one reason why the median income derived from writing among American authors last year only came to $4,775, according to a new study from Columbia University? John Hawkins, a literary agent with the Paul Reynolds agency—who sold James Clavell's number-one best seller *Noble House* "sight unseen" for $1 million—says, "I can't judge, but instinct says big advances have to be harmful to the middle-range book."

Most agents, editors, and big-time authors, however, categorically deny that giant advances in any way account for the widespread impoverishment of writers and the general decline of publishers' profits (though a few will concede that such investments probably "draw some money and time" away from a publisher's less exciting properties). They insist instead that other factors have been far more important in creating the current squeeze on the non-blockbuster "mid-list" book, including:

- The cost of money, now hovering around 20 percent, which affects everyone from a huge publisher like Doubleday (the firm is financing advances for 500 new titles this year) to the tiny bookseller, who may reduce the shelf-life of a new book to one month because of the high cost of carrying *any* inventory.
- The cost of paper, which has doubled in the last decade, on top of sharp jumps in shipping, salaries, and all other kinds of overhead.
- A dramatic drop-off in reprint sales to paperback houses for the "ordinary" book, sales that hardcover houses used to be able to count on to subsidize their less spectacular offerings.
- Sharply higher cover prices (in a country accustomed to cheap books) that have contributed to flat sales in hardcover titles and to a small decline last year in paperback sales.

Like Detroit auto executives who once made millions from inefficient gas guzzlers, publishing people now look back wistfully to the golden era only a decade ago when costs were low, profitability high, and, in the words of one literary agent, "You could afford to do ten projects even if only one worked." Scott Meredith, who entered the business at age 14 when he sold his first story in 1937, fondly remembers when "you could make money on a book that sold only 2,500 copies. Now they have to sell 15,000 copies."

"The costs of manufacturing are just staggering," says Don Fine, the highly successful head of Arbor House. "Six thousand copies of a 224-page novel, five-and-a-half by eight-and-a-quarter inches—which is not very big—will cost $2.01 a copy. Ten years ago the *average* price of manufacturing a book was $1. Paper is tremendously expensive."

There is another reason the biggest publishers have found themselves in a special vise during the last few years: Just as profits began proving harder to earn, most of the large houses were getting bought by conglomerates like Gulf & Western, CBS, and RCA—all of which put a premium on profit-making. (However, Dan Green, a publisher at Simon & Schuster—one of the most aggressive and successful hardcover houses of the last decade, and a subsidiary of Gulf & Western since 1975—insists that in his 18 years there no one ever told him there was less money available for mid-list books because of a big advance for a blockbuster. The main change he reports since Gulf & Western arrived is that he has to fill out a different expense account form.)

James Clavell's agent, John Hawkins, notes that the "fantastic reprint sales to paperback houses for relatively unknown people," which were common during the Seventies, now no longer occur. But the big numbers are "holding firm" for a dozen or two "super authors" like Clavell.

"I don't think the publishers make lots of money on big advances," says Hawkins. "It's a question of how little a publisher is willing to make in order to have that leader on his list. They offer good advances because they know they're going to make *some* money. Any major house would rather see

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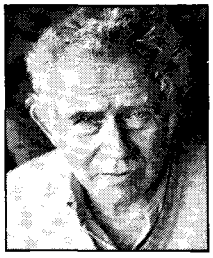
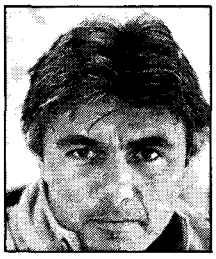
Norman Mailer



Judith Krantz

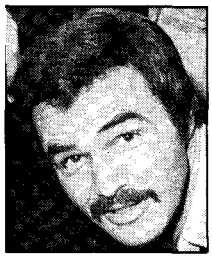
John Irving



Carl Sagan

Henry Fonda

Burt Reynolds



PUBLISHING'S TEN TOP ADVANCES

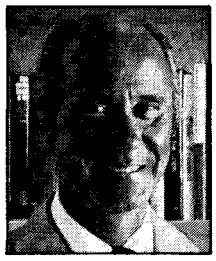
AUTHOR	TITLE	PUBLISHER	PUB DATE	ADVANCE
Norman Mailer	[Three Novels]	Little, Brown	Unscheduled	$4 million
Judith Krantz	[New Novel]	Crown and Bantam	Unscheduled	$2.2 million+*
John Irving	Hotel New Hampshire	E.P. Dutton and Pocket Books	September 1981	$2 million+*
Carl Sagan	Contact	Simon & Schuster	Unscheduled	$2 million
Henry Fonda as told to Howard Teichmann	My Life	New American Library	Fall 1981	$1.8 million*
Burt Reynolds	My Autobiography	Arbor House	Unscheduled	$1 million
Arthur C. Clarke	2010: The Second Odyssey	Random House	1983	$1 million
Gail Sheehy	Pathfinders	William Morrow and Bantam	Fall 1981	$1 million*
Robert Moss & Arnaud de Borchgrave	Monimbo	Wyndham	Unscheduled	$750,000
David Wallechinsky and Irving Wallace	The People's Almanac	William Morrow and Bantam	October 1981	$600,000*

*includes paperback reprint sale

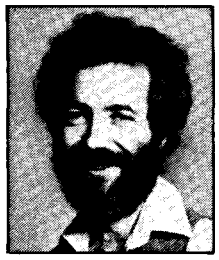
Arthur C. Clarke

Gail Sheehy

Robert Moss



Arnaud de Borchgrave



David Wallechinsky

Irving Wallace

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$1 million plunked down for a near-sure thing, rather than 50 advances of a smaller size."

Most publishers say they have no "fixed budget" for advances. At Doubleday, one of the last of the family-owned publishing giants (Nelson Doubleday is president), associate publisher Betty A. Prashker explains, "We do have estimates based on what we have spent in the past. But if something incredible comes along, we might rethink the estimates."

Author David Halberstam, a regular recipient of six-figure advances, says publishers have become quite scientific in their calculations. "They sit down with a little pocket calculator and they know exactly what you've sold before in hardcover and softcover—even if they aren't your regular publisher—and they calculate the interest they'll pay on the money while it's out.

"For the large advance you calculate two things," explains Simon & Schuster's Dan Green. "What is your downside? What is the least you can sell—in hardcover, softcover, serial rights, book clubs, movie rights, foreign rights? And then you do the upside. What's the most you can make? But every book and every auction has its own life. How much you care about the book emotionally is also important."

Sometimes simple chronology can have a dramatic impact on the size of a big advance or paperback reprint sale. In 1979, the paperback rights to Judith Krantz's second novel, *Princess Daisy*, were sold to Bantam Books for the astonishing sum of $3.2 million. Five days later, Ballantine Books, an unsuccessful bidder for the Krantz book, purchased *The Bleeding Heart*, by Marilyn French, for $1.9 million. Krantz's agent, Mort Janklow, is convinced that his *Princess Daisy* auction "made" *The Bleeding Heart* sale—because Ballantine had a huge amount of cash set aside that it was eager to spend after failing to top Bantam's record-breaking bid.

Of course, even an author with a great track record is never an absolutely sure thing. Random House chairman Robert Bernstein recently told the *New York Times*, "If any publisher talks to you honestly, he'll tell you about some enormous write-offs on books where he bid $1 million and earned $200,000. There's nothing wrong with earning $200,000—except when you bid $1 million."

Doubleday's Prashker, who sweated through seven long years waiting for Gay Talese to finish *Thy Neighbor's Wife* after he accepted a $1.2 million advance on a two-book contract, detects some other kinds of problems caused by the giant advance: "These super-large advances are often publicized in such a way that the actual dollar figure is inflated. [Sagan's $2 million, for example, will be paid out to him over eight years in $250,000 installments.] That creates problems with other authors. Many agents will tell you that unless the publisher gives you a super-large advance they won't work for the book.

"But large advances can also create paralysis and fear in the publishing house if the book is not up to expectations. And it can cause writers to sit on their hands. Sometimes a huge advance can work against an author's own best interests—because of the pressure. You have a week or a month to jump up and down and say, 'Imagine little ol' me, and they're willing to pay me all this money!' But then you have to sit down at the typewriter. That must be a heavy cloud."

Scarcely a generation ago, William Faulkner didn't bother to negotiate a contract for one of his books until *after* it was published. But in the last several decades, agents' demands for advances began escalating, until in 1974, Little, Brown became the first publisher to announce a $1 million ante. (It went to Norman Mailer for a three-part novel that has become three separate books—none of which is completed—for an advance of $4 million.)

Publishers are willing to commit themselves to huge, nonrefundable advances because an author's prestige (or notoriety) will lend cachet to their lists—and because they feel certain the book will attract widespread, free publicity and a comfortably predictable readership. But even though such books help a publisher hold a bookseller's attention while salesmen pitch the rest of the publisher's list, the biggest profits in publishing actually come from the surprise "break-out"—books bought relatively cheaply. "Everyone buys on the come—you buy a first novel because you hope you're launching something," says John Hawkins, who adds that the first novel "of some quality or merit" can probably still be placed "almost as easily as it could be ten years ago."

"The mid-list is where you develop your top writers," says Betty Prashker. "Tom Fleming is one example. We published three of his books and then here comes *The Officers' Wives* and it's very successful. It's his 19th book. It's on the best-seller list and it will be a mini-series. It was not a mega-advance. It was a reasonable advance."

David Halberstam's *The Best and the Brightest* is a classic example of the break-out book. When he started writing it, no one thought it would be a best seller. "It took four years to write and I got a $45,000 advance—$40,000 after agents," says Halberstam. "It took all my savings. That was about my fifth book. When you're publishing a quality book, who knows what's going to be a success? It sold a million copies in paper. To me, that's the system working at its best. Everything worked and I was

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very lucky."

Halberstam's newest book, *The Breaks of the Game*, which chronicles the rise and fall of the Portland Trailblazers basketball team, was financed by a six-figure advance and will be published this fall by Knopf. Unsurprisingly, Halberstam is an unabashed fan of the big advance, because "in nonfiction it allows you to do the big book. It becomes your salary."

Ironically, the largest sales usually take up the least amount of an agent's or a publisher's time. Mort Janklow is famous for his multimillion-dollar clients like Judith Krantz, but he says his office spends "80 to 85 percent of its time on non-blockbuster books." He adds that there's "an inverse ratio in this business between the time it takes to do something and the amount of advance involved."

Stung by criticism of the growing obsession with profit in their industry, publishing people are now careful to point out that they've chosen their jobs because they love books, not money. "You're in this business because it gives you a certain psychic reward," says one senior editor. "It's not the best-paying industry."

"There are people in publishing who care about books of significance," agrees Mort Janklow, "There is an understanding in publishing that these things have to be done."

And in fact, thousands of noncommercial books still get published every year. While the number of new titles was down by about 3,000 in 1980, the total in hard- and soft-cover was still 26,877. "When you look at Doubleday's annual list of 500 titles," says an editor from a rival house, " it's hard to imagine there are still *any* unpublished writers out there."

Does America really *need* more than 26,000 new books a year? "The only reason we need them is, how do we know it's not going to be the good ones that will be cut?" argues Dan Green. "Look at *The Confederacy of Dunces*." That Southern novel was published posthumously last year by the Louisiana State University Press—after the book's author, John Kennedy Toole, had killed himself. First he, then later, his mother, received rejection slips from more than a dozen publishers. This year, Toole's book won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction and last month it was number one on the trade paperback best-seller list in the *New York Times*—a *real* break-out book.

For the most part, then, the big-advance books take care of themselves and appear to have only a limited impact on mainstream publishing. A more important cause of publishers' financial woes is their unwillingness to taint their images by promoting mid-list books aggressively. Each year, thousands of books are still cast upon the market without the support of a single advertising dollar. "There's a resistance to modern marketing techniques because they're considered unliterary," observes Janklow.

One result of such attitudes is an extraordinary 80 percent failure rate for new hardcover titles; publishers estimate that only one-fifth of the industry's output makes any money at all. "Maybe this is the only industry which still presents the consumer with unlimited choice," says Dan Green. "An industry like that can't make money for all its authors."

Perhaps Green is right, but Don Fine's performance as the head of Arbor House strongly suggests that the industry's abysmal success rate might easily be improved. "Don is my idea of the best individual publisher in the business," says Scott Meredith. "He works very hard and he watches everything all the time."

Big advances depend on "how little a publisher is willing to make."

Fine founded Arbor House 12 years ago with a $5,000 loan from a classmate and $20,000 in the bank. Ten years later he sold his company to the Hearst Corporation for $1.5 million. Fine estimates he makes money on at least 80 percent of his titles. The dramatic secret of his success? He advertises.

"I got conditioned to having to milk every title for everything it was worth," explains Fine. "Sixty percent of our titles or more are designated 'co-ops,'" which means Arbor makes money available for joint advertisements with bookstores, large and small, all around the country. And unlike most other publishers, Fine says Arbor does not require the bookseller to order a minimum number of copies of a new title to secure the advertisement.

Other publishers are planning different marketing strategies. Bantam Books, for instance, the nation's largest paperback house (owned by a German conglomerate), is starting two new imprints called New Age and Windstone to give good books that aren't giant best sellers special attention in the bookstore. New Age will be devoted to science, philosophy, and technology, while Windstone will publish "literary fiction and nonfiction." Bantam has bought the rights to William Styron's published works for Windstone, and *Alice James*, Jean Strouse's widely praised biography of Henry James's younger sister, will be among the first new titles to be published under its imprint next year.

At B. Dalton, the giant chain that together with Waldenbooks controls about 20 percent of the American book market, senior buyer Jeffrey Hohman is planning a special new rack for fiction—"as close to the front of the store as possible. We're going to try to pull those substantial works which are not promoted as best sellers by the publishers," says Hohman. "We've been looking at this vast sea of fiction titles and we've really had trouble selling them. It seemed that group was getting more lost every month. We feel a responsibility to the new writer—who is the future of our business."

In short, industry watchers are turning cautiously optimistic. It is clear that mammoth advances for likely looking blockbusters are here to stay. And they'll stick around so long as sales of subsidiary rights and purchases by millions of eager readers bring in more money than publishers must pay out. Moreover, the overall impact of such large investments seems minimal.

"It's going to be very hard to get big prices for lousy books," predicts Mort Janklow, "but books of quality will always be published. In the end it will be a golden era for publishing because they'll have better marketing techniques. If a major publisher goes down, dozens of small houses will spring up in its place."

John Hawkins agrees: "We were somewhat flabby in the mid-Seventies, because there was lots of money around. Now, there isn't. In order to survive, the players are going to have to be a little sharper and a little tougher." But despite the giant sums advanced to the Mailers and the Krantzes, he says, "there's still room to make a lot of money in this business." ■

Charles Kaiser is a writer and critic living in New York City.

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The Dramatic Rise of Lanford Wilson

by Scot Haller

Playwright Lanford Wilson doesn't talk to his plants. "Usually, I *swear* at them," he says. On this sunny, summer afternoon in Sag Harbor, New York, Wilson is skulking around the sunken garden at the far end of his backyard, inspecting the day's developments, pointing out the apricot roses, the clematis Jackman, and "a real unusual iris." Like some modern-day, madcap St. Francis, he calls out "Hello, cardinal" when a redbird lands on a branch above him. Earlier, Wilson greeted a guest wearing only black corduroy cutoffs and old sneakers. Because company has arrived, he has now put on a cream-colored workshirt (spotted with red-wine stains), brought out iced tea (and spirits), and steered the conversation (and guest) down to the plot of land that is his preoccupation.

"You mainly have to understand that I'm a farmboy," he says. Behind him stands the three-story, five-bedroom, six-fireplace renovated house where the 44-year-old bachelor has lived for the last 11 years. Tall, loose-limbed, with thinning hair and salt-and-pepper sideburns, Wilson looks in this setting like Tom Sawyer as a middle-aged man. "I come out here from New York to relax and listen to the baseball games and diddle in the dark and weed the garden. I'm just such a homebody."

Usually, however, his interests in homestead and heartland assume dramatic forms, such as his acerbic social study *Fifth of July*, his two-character romance *Talley's Folly,* and his comedy of condemned property and abandoned futures *The Hot L Baltimore*. An ex-farmboy, Lanford Wilson is also the only American accorded a best-play Tony nomination last spring (for *Fifth of July*), and he won the 1980 Pulitzer Prize for drama (*Talley's Folly*). In the words of *New York Times* critic Frank Rich, Wilson is "one of our theater's very best writers." Last season the nation's leading regional theaters produced his plays more often than the works of Harold Pinter, Henrik Ibsen, or Lillian Hellman.

Although he has spent nearly half his life as a playwright, it is Wilson's most recent, most mature work—a trilogy of dramas tracking five generations of a Missouri family from World War II prosperity to post-Vietnam promiscuity—that has catapulted Wilson into the public eye. Like the archaeologists who rescue Indian artifacts from real-estate developers in the 1975 drama *The Mound Builders*—his favorite among his 34 plays—Wilson has excavated memories of his Midwestern boyhood and constructed a compelling, dramatic setting: The Talley family's estate in Lebanon, Missouri (the playwright's birthplace). The Talley property may be the most popular piece of real estate in our contemporary drama.

Following a successful Broadway mounting last year, *Talley's Folly*, the story of spinster Sally Talley's courtship with accountant Matt Friedman in 1944, is being staged throughout the country. *Fifth of July*, a whirlwind holiday weekend spent with paraplegic, homosexual Vietnam veteran Kenneth Talley, Jr., is currently on Broadway in a much-praised production starring Richard Thomas. And down in Greenwich Village, *A Tale Told*, the melodramatic dealings and duelings of the other Talleys on the night *Talley's Folly* takes place, is selling out the Circle Repertory Theater, where Wilson is playwright-in-residence.

Lanford Wilson has arrived on Broadway in spite of himself. "We've been doing these shows at Circle Rep the way we want to, and not looking at anything beyond that," he insists. "I mean, I thought we were going to get *creamed* for *Talley's Folly*. I thought it was going to be the most unpopular thing I'd ever written. There was nothing compromised in the writing. I knew exactly what I wanted to do. I couldn't believe it when people liked it."

A product of the cafe theater that flourished in Greenwich Village in the mid-Sixties, Wilson has a history of being heralded and hated for the same play. (The mixed reviews of *A Tale Told* honor that tradition.) Nevertheless, along with John Guare, Sam Shepard, and Robert Patrick, Wilson emerged from off-off-Broadway as one of the theater's great white hopes.

But of that group, only Wilson has thus far managed the transition to sustained mainstream success. Writing characters instead of caricatures, presenting difficult subjects with empathy instead of anger, focusing on homeland instead of homilies, Wilson has gracefully infiltrated the popular consciousness without sidestepping or sentimentalizing his primary concerns: the United States of America, the relationships between parents and children, countrymen and businessmen, public trust and private actions. It's no accident that his last three plays have taken place on Independence Day.

"My subject in school was art history," says Wilson. "And through that I learned what we have done, what our heritage was, and what we are doing to it. It's like America is trying to reverse

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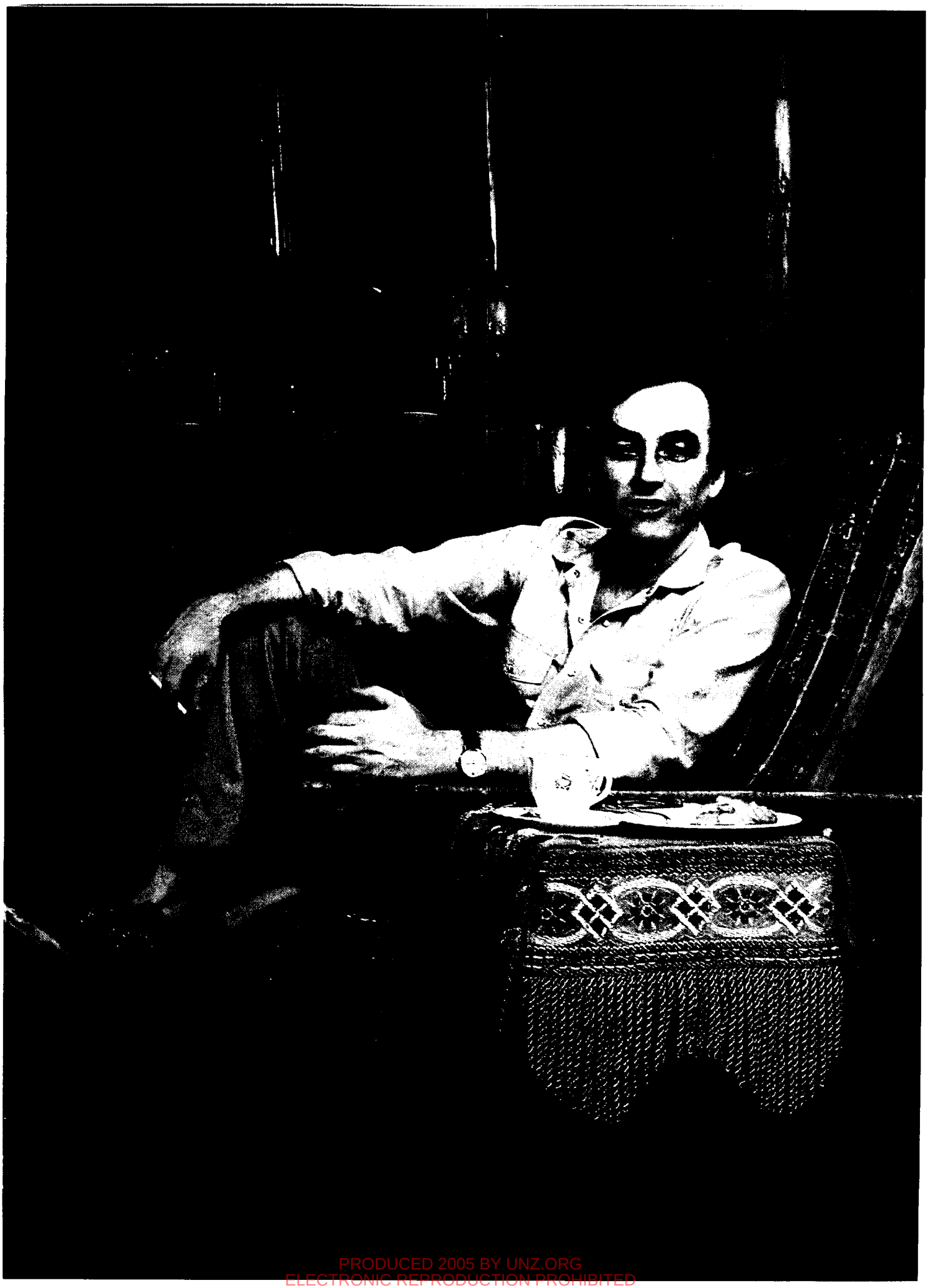

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the myth of Jupiter; instead of the old man eating his children, the children are eating their grandparents."

As a waif in *The Hot L Baltimore* observes, "Baltimore used to be one of the most beautiful cities in America." To which a hooker responds, "Every city in America used to be one of the most beautiful cities in America."

English, Irish, Scottish, and one-eighth Osage Indian, Lanford Eugene Wilson was born on April 13, 1937, in Lebanon, Missouri—and no, his family was not like the Talley brood at all. "The Talleys are from everywhere," he says, his soft-spoken voice still bearing traces of the Ozarks. "The Talleys are kids I went to school with, and their folks, and people I just knew vaguely."

An only child, Wilson moved to Springfield, Missouri, with his mother when his parents separated after his fifth birthday, then to an Ozark farm after his mother married a dairy inspector. At 18, Wilson headed for San Diego, where he was reunited with his father, an aircraft worker. That rocky reconciliation became the basis for his drama *Lemon Sky* (1970).

The following year, Wilson migrated to Chicago and worked as an artist in an advertising agency. "I got to Chicago just as they were tearing down every Frank Lloyd Wright building they could get their hands on," he recalls. "There would be a dozen ugly buildings in a row, and they would tear down the brilliant Frank Lloyd Wright building for a parking lot."

After six years in Chicago, where he wrote two plays he now brands "imitation Tennessee Williams," Wilson ventured to New York. "I saw all the plays on Broadway and hated them, every damn one. I couldn't believe my eyes. I had thought all the great American plays would be there in a row. Well, it was *Do Re Mi* next to *Bye Bye Birdie*."

Stumbling upon Caffe Cino, an off-off-Broadway sanctuary for offbeat theatrical evenings, Wilson encountered a production of Eugene Ionesco's *The Lesson*, and almost immediately ensconced himself in the coffeehouse theater scene. In fact, for three years, he did not venture above 14th Street. "I just went back and forth across the Village," he says. "Didn't go anywhere else. Didn't see a thing on Broadway. And was happy not to."

The late Joe Cino invited Wilson to contribute a play. In 1963, his first produced work, *So Long at the Fair*, a one-act about a young man new to New York, had its premiere at Caffe Cino. "That play was written by a completely different person from the one who was writing in Chicago," says Wilson. "It was by someone who knew what he was doing. It took Ionesco and all those other writers I hadn't seen before to knock Tennessee Williams out of me."

Writing for Caffe Cino, Wilson produced a prolific number of one-acts, which inevitably led to Broadway offers. Eventually Wilson acquiesced. *The Gingham Dog*, his dissection of a disintegrating interracial marriage, opened in 1969. And closed five performances later.

"*Gingham Dog* was your basic bomb," says Wilson, and it left him with a basic problem: writer's block. "You don't like to think that having a failure on Broadway will affect you that deeply, but it did." "It was a hideous time for him," says playwright Milan Stitt. "He kept asking what he was doing wrong," recalls actor Rob Thirkield. "He was ready to pack it in."

Instead, he retreated to the Circle

Wilson (left) and director Marshall W. Mason on the set of *A Tale Told* at off-off-Broadway's Circle Repertory Theater.

BROWNIE HARRIS

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Repertory Theater, which Marshall Mason, Thirkield, and actress Tanya Berezin had founded with Wilson the previous year. "I went back to my friends, and started working in the office and hanging around," says Wilson. "Just to have something to do."

Twelve years later, the Circle Rep still functions as his home away from home. He appears there most afternoons when he isn't in Sag Harbor. He has been known to pound out rewrites in the office, compose ad copy, and design the posters for upcoming productions. Director Marshall W. Mason, who has maintained a 16-year collaboration with Wilson, observes: "It may stem from the fact that Lanford comes from a divorced family, but he's always looking for a sense of family, of continuity." Ironically, the play that broke his writer's block was a one-act written for the Circle Rep christened *The Family Continues*. (In a sense, the theater owes Wilson an equal debt. *The Hot L Baltimore*, written specifically for the Circle Rep, first brought the theater national attention. Now all of Wilson's plays premiere at the 160-seat theater.)

A Tale Told, the current Talley installment (two more may be forthcoming) began with Wilson's desire to write a part for Circle Rep actress Elizabeth Sturges. "The only things I knew at the start," he says, "were that it was in a 1944 household where nobody smokes, certainly not in the parlor. And no one swears. And Aunt Lottie—Liz Sturges—walks through the room smoking a cigarette, and saying, 'Oh, kiss my ass.'"

The friendly atmosphere of Circle Rep permits Wilson another luxury: the accommodation of numerous rewrites. Wilson often reshapes his plays even after the official opening. In Wilson's initial draft of *Fifth of July*, the central dilemma—the potential sale of the Talley homestead—was not mentioned until late in the second act. When the play opened at Circle Rep (to mixed reviews), the issue was introduced late in the first act. In the highly regarded Broadway version, it arises in the first scene. "I don't know anyone else who does what he does after a play opens," says Milan Stitt.

Considering his relationship with the Circle Rep, Wilson draws this analogy: "By having a couple of failures, I've managed to escape. I feel like one of those lucky towns that went broke and so they didn't tear down all the architecture. The rich towns they keep tearing down and rebuilding. I'm a nice little old whaling village like Sag Harbor that's managed to escape all that."

As Wilson has focused more on American traditions, his plays have adopted a more traditional structure. No longer are characters named He, She, and Him. The impressionism of his early plays has been replaced by the realism of *Talley's Folly*. The surrogate families of hustlers and heels that populated *Balm in Gilead* and *The Hot L Baltimore* have been usurped by the blood-related Talleys. The temporal shifts of *The Rimers of Eldritch* have given way to the classical unities of *A Tale Told*.

> ***"It's very easy for me to be pessimistic. To be solidly optimistic and find moments of hope is more difficult."***

Accompanying Wilson's change in style is a change in outlook—one that has taken nearly a decade to penetrate his plays. "I remember sitting in the lobby of a Washington theater in 1970," he says. "And we were doing *Serenading Louie* [another examination of marital discord]. About eight people came out into the lobby to take tranquilizers. We really shook them up. And that had not been my intention at all—to wreck someone's evening." After *Serenading Louie*, Wilson consciously gravitated toward themes "with a more positive thrust."

"It's very easy for me to be pessimistic," he says. "To be solidly optimistic and find moments of hope and reason to live is more difficult. I would rather have *something* positive to say, just because it's more difficult."

As contemporary dramas, Wilson's plays are noteworthy for what they *don't* include: chic cynicism, brand-name references designed to elicit laughs, an addiction to audience-directed monologues that describe instead of dramatize, and, most significantly, villains. No playwright of his generation summons up as much empathy for his characters as Wilson does. "I don't like to see didactic plays about people who are all black-hearted or lily-livered or all-anything. Because that's damn rarely the case."

These evolutions in intent and execution have rendered Wilson compatible with an audience he never anticipated: Broadway theatergoers. Whereas Sam Shepard and John Guare still display flashes of audience antagonism in their work, Wilson is as considerate of the theatergoers as he is of his characters. This has earned him a certain coolness from the intellectual establishment: Critic Robert Brustein, for instance, called *Fifth of July* "a kind of *Cherry Orchard* for the tourist trade." But in general it has won Wilson wide critical support and increasing popularity.

Has success spoiled Lanford Wilson? "He's still a naive, ingenuous person," observes his longtime colleague Marshall Mason. "In fact, he's alarmingly the same."

"I'm not a very good celebrity," says Wilson. Just as he has preferred the Circle Rep to Broadway, he has avoided the spotlight for the familiarity of friends. "Put a camera in front of me, even a still camera, and I freeze completely," says Wilson. "It must be the Indian in me—I think it's catching my soul or something. And more than likely it is."

Lanford Wilson is the theater's graying All-American. Loyal to his hometown, he has made Lebanon, Missouri, a celebrated spot. Loyal to his surrogate family, he wears a Circle Rep button over the alligator on his Lacoste shirt and opens his house to company members almost every weekend. Loyal to his own family, he takes his mother to the Tony Awards. ("She had a great time. She met Walter Cronkite.") Ever faithful to the future, he is growing in his garden a vine that won't cover the trellis for years.

At the end of this afternoon, Wilson escorts his guest down the front walk, out to the street, and around the corner to a parked car. Heading back home, Wilson stops at the end of the block. Then he issues the imperative implicit in all his plays, the apprehension enunciated by his characters, the courtesy that a country boy cannot help but express:

"Don't be a stranger," he says. ■

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George Balanchine

by Kitty Cunningham

He was born Georgi Melitonovich Balanchivadze in St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1904. But he was George Balanchine when he came to the United States in 1934 at the invitation of Lincoln Kirstein to form an American company and school of classical ballet. Trained at the Imperial Ballet Academy of the Maryinsky Theater in St. Petersburg, he grew up with the works of the 19th-century master, Marius Petipa. He left Russia in 1924 and a year later became the chief choreographer for Diaghilev's Ballets Russes. After Diaghilev's death in 1929 he worked in Paris, Copenhagen, and London until he arrived in New York to start a company that would eventually become the New York City Ballet.

Balanchine has worked with film, television, Broadway musicals, and opera companies, but he is primarily identified with the 148 ballets he has created for the NYCB. These range from pas de deux to full-length ballets, the majority of them abstract. They have been set to electronic music, Sousa marches, and advertising jingles as well as to pieces from the modern and classical musical repertory.

It is difficult to catch up with Balanchine. At 77 he is not disposed to sit and talk about himself, he is too busy working. Interviewed in an office of the NYCB, he had arrived at Lincoln Center just before the evening's performance was to begin. One week before, he had completed his version of Ravel's L'Enfant et les Sortilèges *for television, and it was only a few weeks until the NYCB's Tchaikovsky Festival, for which he was to create three new ballets.*

Balanchine perched on a hard wooden chair like a bird poised on a tree branch for a few moments before taking flight—though his attention is focused entirely on the conversation. He had already put in a full day, and after the interview he would watch the performance. Balanchine cares about words; he speaks slowly and clearly about ballet, which is his life.

SR *I would like to ask you about creating a ballet from the ground up.*

BALANCHINE People always ask me to explain how I make a ballet. I answer that I create out of necessity. We have to do something for the people who come to see our company. I have to make something entertaining so that people will keep coming. We try to make different things: a short piece, a long piece, a piece with lots of people, a work that uses light music, or French or German music. So it's necessity, never inspiration. What is inspiration? It doesn't exist. It isn't tangible. It's like a soul, it's there but it isn't. Something that exists—like necessity—is much more important.

SR *Do you think of the steps that will be in the ballet when you are at home?*

BALANCHINE No. Does a writer think of words, single words? Steps are like words: they only mean something in the studio when you come in and you start the steps, like putting words together to make a piece of writing. I have to do the steps for the ballets, I cannot sit back and talk about it. It's better to go to sleep and rest at home rather than think, because dancers are moving people and we need rest too.

SR *How does time affect your work?*

BALANCHINE We are always pressed for time, there is never enough. We *have* to do something and we have to do it quickly. If you go into the studio and have two hours with the dancers, you can't crumple up the work and throw it away like a piece of paper. I try to do decent work. I've been doing the same thing for a hundred years now, and I have the skill to make something.

SR *Music is so important to your ballets, how do you come to know the music?*

BALANCHINE I have lived so long I know everything that exists in music. I eliminate some composers because it's impossible for me to use their music.

The only way to know the music is to read the scores. When you listen by ear you don't understand. You must look at the score, it is terribly important. You see, your ears are not perfect, your eyes are not perfect. Each person hears differently, and sees differently, too. Think of animals who don't see in color. A cat still likes us even if we are all gray to him.

So it's important to read the score. My family were all musicians and I learned to read music early. My brother is a composer, and I played the piano steadily until I got interested in other things. It's like reading the newspaper; it's better to read it yourself than to have somebody read it to you with mispronunciations and wrong inflections.

SR *You don't think of the steps when you work with the music?*

BALANCHINE No. I don't waste energy when I am at home.

SR *Do you think of costumes or designers while you are working?*

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BALANCHINE We did many ballets without costumes because we were poor and we had to economize. Once I wanted the dancers in bathing suits and I persuaded the Jantzen people to donate them for the ballet called *Jones Beach* [1950].

When you make a ballet you look at people and the way they look, the way their legs and hands move, and then a designer comes in and makes it look different. If you make a dance for a dancer's sake you see beautiful lines with jumps and leg beats and everything, and so you have to consider a design when you choreograph a ballet.

When I choreographed *Vienna Waltzes* [1977] I knew the women would have skirts and the men would wear trousers, and that there would be flowers and everything. I would never do a waltz for naked people. I made the dancers move according to the costumes they would be wearing. We had to have pure silk dresses for *Vienna Waltzes*, never nylon because pure silk flies and moves.

SR *It has always seemed to me that one's eye is satisfied by the patterns and the development of your ballets no matter where you sit. When you choreograph a ballet do you take into consideration the fact that the audience is sitting on different levels of the theater?*

BALANCHINE Yes I do, right from the beginning. You have to know that the ballet will be seen from different angles. It takes time to learn this and to think about it.

SR *Do you go and look at the ballet from different places?*

BALANCHINE No. I don't go and look because I know how it is going to look right from the beginning. I can tell in the studio, or even standing in the wings. It's like a photographer. It takes years and years to be a good photographer, to know just the right moment to snap the picture so that it will come out right. Some people just snap away and sometimes they are lucky, but a good photographer knows.

SR *Have dancers' bodies changed over the years?*

BALANCHINE Yes, but fortunately we have our own school. The dancers come to us in their young years and at about the age of 16 we choose the people who have certain proportions and abilities. We cannot absorb everyone from the school but we can pick whom we want. It took a long time to make a school. Now all the young ones come right from the school.

SR *What about the principal dancers? Some of them come from the outside.*

BALANCHINE Yes. We have three from Denmark [Peter Martins, Adam Luders, Ib Andersen] and, of course, Helgi Tomasson studied there too. The Danes came from the Bournonville tradition but that tradition is very close to the Petipa tradition. It's the same kind of technique really, so the Danish

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I stretch dancers to the limit, then I give them a rest for a while. I build something for them, it's like a fugue.

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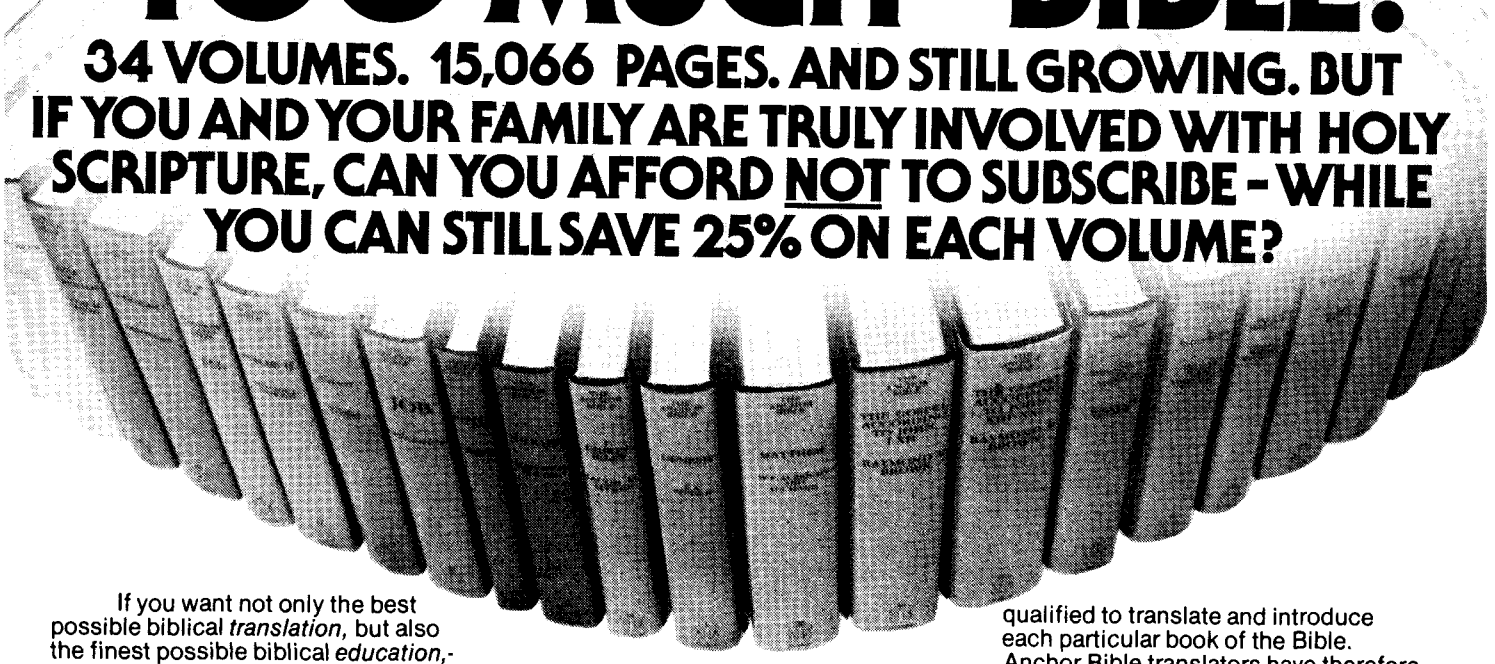

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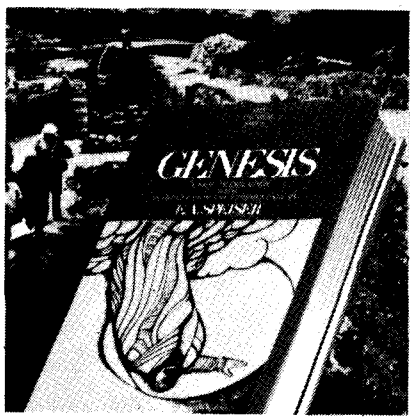

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dancers fit in well with us.

SR *When do you consider a ballet to be finished? When it is done in front of an audience? Or is it ever finished?*

BALANCHINE A ballet for me is finished when the last note of music is done in the studio, when I have choreographed the last note. When it is in front of people, it is a performance.

SR *Yet you do make changes in your ballets.* Ballet Imperial *[1941] is now* Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2 *[1973]. Why did this happen?*

BALANCHINE When I was at the Maryinsky Theater it was all blue and white and crystal. *Ballet Imperial* was an homage to that time. Now that era is finished—even the tutus with their very stiff material began to look wrong, and the word "Imperial" sounded like a hotel! The surface of the ballet was not moving correctly. Petipa's style looked stiff and it did not work anymore. At rehearsal it was wonderful, but the minute the dancers put on the costumes it looked wrong. So we used a softer material and now the ballet is more contemporary. Also, the music is not called *Ballet Imperial*, it is *Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 2.* You have to have a certain respect for Tchaikovsky.

SR *On the other hand, Mendelssohn's* Scotch Symphony *[1952] has not changed.*

BALANCHINE I think Mendelssohn called it *Scotch Symphony* from the beginning. We had some kilts left over from a ballet called *Highland Fling* by William Dollar and I wanted to use them—necessity again. I was in England. (I love England. I have a great respect for the English people, you can always depend upon them. They would be the first people to come to our aid if this country was in trouble. I also love London. When I was there working on the Cochran Revue of 1930 I used to love the fogs. Fog is so wonderful, so romantic. And the smell of coal burning—a wonderful smell which is gone now.) Anyway, I said to a friend, "I have these kilts," and he said, "Why don't you use the Mendelssohn?" and so I did.

SR *Are you influenced by other artists?*

BALANCHINE I am not influenced by other artists but I have learned from them. Stravinsky taught me about structure and the weight of music and harmony. Verdi gave me ideas from the way he used chorus and voice, especially the way one voice comes in and gives a rest to the other singers. I do the same for the dancers, I give them rests from time to time. I stretch them to the limit and they can only do so much, then I give them a rest for a while. I build something for them, it's like a fugue.

Some people come to the theater to hear only one singer. When I was at the Metropolitan Opera I did the dances for *Carmen* [for the 1935-36 season] and we stopped the show. Mr. [Edward] Johnson [the Met's general manager] said to me that he did not want a show stopper: "People don't come to the opera for the dance—don't ever forget that opera is a tenor." Imagine that! He didn't say soprano or bass, or baritone, but tenor. I think he was thinking of Caruso.

I always say, just dance, don't act. Dancers who act can't dance very well.

SR *Well, some people come to the ballet just to see one person.*

BALANCHINE It is often remarked that I have no stars. [Everyone from principal to corps at the New York City Ballet is listed alphabetically.] Stars are old-fashioned, now you have to have superstars. Everything is super this or that. I like to say that our company is like a sky full of stars and they are all pretty.

SR *Many of your dancers say they love to perform in your ballets because they have freedom in your works.*

BALANCHINE Yes, all they have to do is dance, just dance. They have the steps and the choreography. They have to learn it right, especially the timing which is most important to get absolutely right. I always say, just dance, don't act. Dancers who act can't dance very well. The body is trained to dance, it should be like a pianist playing the piano—it's technique.

People are afraid of technique, they say it is not art, but I say that technique and art are the same thing. One word comes from the Greek, the other is from French. Art exists when people use their technique to create. Technique is the skill and then you are free to show your personality, beauty, and form.

Dancers don't improvise, everything is done for them. If they don't have the steps that are provided for them they stop. Ballets have to be staged, memorized, and taught. Acrobats don't improvise, they plan out their acts, and improvisation is never a part of ballet.

SR *How do you feel about film as a record of your work?*

BALANCHINE Film never, never, never will be a substitute for dance. We use it for records, but I don't like it at all. On TV the figures are too small, and a person is life-size, not three inches tall. But even with a big screen there is a dimension missing. In Hollywood, in the *Goldwyn Follies* [1938] I made a dance to look the way it is supposed to look on the screen. But film will *never* be a replacement for a live performance of one of my ballets.

SR *As a choreographer—*

BALANCHINE The word choreographer is a terrible word. I prefer "dance-maker" or, as in German, "Ballettmeister." Petipa was called ballet master and that's good enough for me.

SR *As a dance-maker how do you spend your days?*

BALANCHINE Some of my time is spent in the office on very boring things. We have to economize all the time—economy, economy—but we do it all together. But I have to do what I have to do. We are not amateurs, we are certain animals that live certain ways. Nobody asks a horse what it does all day. A horse lives as a horse. I am a dancer, body, soul, and brain. I live that way and I teach that way. I am what I am and I like what I am. My business is only as a dancer's business and I don't think about anything but that. ■

Kitty Cunningham is the author of *Conversations With a Dancer* (St. Martins Press). She is a freelance writer and critic on dance.

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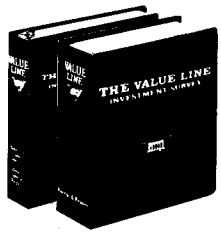

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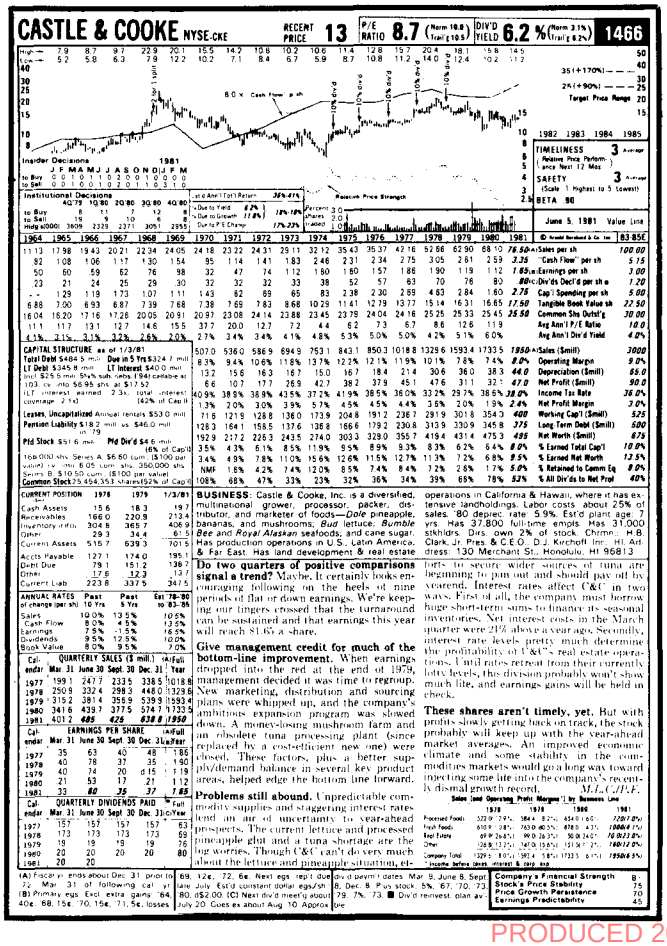
CASTLE & COOKE NYSE-CKE

RECENT PRICE 13 P/E RATIO 8.7 (Norm 10.0) DIV'D YIELD 6.2 % (Norm 3.1%) 1466

TIMELINESS 3 (Relative Price Perform. since Past 12 Mos.)

SAFETY 3 (Scale 1 Highest to 5 Lowest)

BETA .90

Insider Decisions 1981 J F M A M J J A S O N D J F M

Institutional Decisions 4Q'79 1Q'80 2Q'80 3Q'80 4Q'80

1964	1965	1966	1967	1968	1969	1970	1971	1972	1973	1974	1975	1976	1977	1978	1979	1980	1981		
11.13	11.98	19.43	20.21	22.34	24.05	24.18	23.22	24.31	29.13	32.12	35.43	35.37	42.16	52.66	62.90	68.10	76.50	Sales per sh	100.00
.82	1.08	1.06	1.17	1.30	1.54	.85	1.14	1.41	1.83	2.46	2.31	2.34	2.75	3.05	2.81	2.53	2.35	"Cash Flow" per sh	5.75
.50	.60	.59	.62	.76	.98	.32	.47	.74	1.12	1.80	1.60	1.57	1.86	1.90	1.19	1.12	1.65	Earnings per sh	3.00
.23	.21	.24	.25	.29	.30	.32	.32	.32	.33	.38	.52	.57	.63	.70	.78	.80	.80	Div'ds Decl'd per sh	1.20
--	.129	.119	.173	.107	.111	.143	.82	.69	.65	.83	2.38	2.30	2.89	4.63	2.84	1.60	2.75	Cap'l Spending per sh	5.00
6.88	7.00	6.93	6.87	7.39	7.68	7.28	7.69	7.83	8.68	10.29	11.41	12.79	13.77	15.14	16.31	16.65	17.50	Tangible Book Value ps	22.50
16.04	16.20	17.16	17.26	20.05	20.91	20.97	23.08	24.14	23.88	23.45	23.79	24.04	24.16	25.25	25.33	25.45	25.50	Common Shs Outst'g	30.00
11.1	11.7	13.1	12.7	14.6	15.5	37.7	20.0	12.7	7.2	4.4	6.2	7.3	6.7	8.6	12.6	11.9		Avg Ann'l P/E Ratio	10.0
4.1%	3.1%	3.1%	3.2%	2.6%	2.0%	2.7%	3.4%	3.4%	4.1%	4.8%	5.3%	5.0%	5.0%	4.2%	5.1%	6.0%		Avg Ann'l Div'd Yield	4.0%

CAPITAL STRUCTURE as of 1/3/81

Total Debt $484.5 mill. Due in 5 Yrs $324.7 mill. LT Debt $345.8 mill. LT Interest $40.0 mill. (Incl. $25.5 mill. 9¼% sub. debs. 1981 callable at 103 initially, $6.95 ann. red. to $7.52 mill.) (LT interest earned coverage: 2.1x)

Leases, Uncapitalized Annual rentals $53.0 mill. Pension Liability $18.2 mill. vs. $46.0 mill. in '79

Pfd Stock $51.6 mill. Pfd Div'd $4.6 mill. (6% of Cap'l)

507.0	536.0	586.9	694.9	753.1	843.1	850.3	1018.8	1329.6	1593.4	1733.5	1950	Sales ($mill)	3000
8.3%	9.4%	10.6%	11.8%	13.7%	12.2%	12.1%	11.9%	10.1%	7.8%	7.4%	8.0%	Operating Margin	9.0%
13.2	15.6	16.3	16.7	15.0	16.7	18.4	21.4	30.6	36.0	38.3	44.0	Depreciation ($mill)	65.0
6.6	10.7	17.7	26.9	42.7	38.2	37.9	45.1	47.6	31.1	32.1	47.0	Net Profit ($mill)	90.0
40.9%	38.5%	38.9%	43.5%	37.2%	41.9%	38.5%	36.0%	33.2%	29.7%	38.6%	38.0%	Income Tax Rate	36.0%
1.3%	2.0%	3.0%	3.9%	5.7%	4.5%	4.5%	4.4%	3.6%	2.0%	1.9%	2.4%	Net Profit Margin	3.0%
71.6	121.9	128.8	138.0	173.9	204.8	191.2	236.7	291.9	301.8	354.3	400	Working Cap'l ($mill)	525
128.3	164.1	158.5	137.6	136.8	166.6	179.2	230.8	313.9	330.9	345.8	375	Long Term Debt ($mill)	500
192.9	217.2	226.3	243.5	274.0	303.3	329.0	355.7	419.4	431.4	475.3	495	Net Worth ($mill)	675
3.5%	4.3%	6.1%	8.5%	11.9%	9.5%	8.9%	9.3%	8.3%	6.2%	6.4%	8.0%	% Earned Total Cap'l	10.0%
3.4%	4.9%	7.8%	11.0%	15.6%	12.6%	11.5%	12.7%	11.3%	7.2%	6.8%	8.5%	% Earned Net Worth	12.5%
NMF	1.6%	4.2%	7.4%	12.0%	8.5%	7.4%	8.4%	7.2%	2.6%	1.7%	5.0%	% Retained to Comm Eq	8.0%
108%	68%	47%	33%	23%	32%	36%	34%	39%	65%	78%	52%	% All Div'ds to Net Prof	40%

CURRENT POSITION

	1978	1979	1/3/81
Cash Assets	15.6	18.3	19.7
Receivables	166.0	220.9	213.4
Inventory (FIFO)	304.8	365.7	406.9
Other	29.3	34.4	61.5
Current Assets	515.7	639.3	701.5
Accts Payable	127.1	174.0	195.1
Debt Due	79.1	151.2	138.7
Other	17.6	12.3	13.7
Current Liab.	223.8	337.5	347.5

ANNUAL RATES of change (per sh)	Past 10 Yrs	Past 5 Yrs	Est '78-'80 to '83-'85
Sales	10.0%	13.5%	10.5%
Cash Flow	8.0%	4.5%	13.5%
Earnings	7.5%	-1.5%	16.5%
Dividends	9.5%	12.5%	10.0%
Book Value	8.0%	9.5%	7.0%

Cal-endar	QUARTERLY SALES ($ mill.) Mar. 31	June 30	Sept. 30	Dec. 31	Year	Full Year
1977	199.1	247.7	233.5	338.5	1018.8	
1978	250.9	332.4	298.3	448.0	1329.6	
1979	315.2	381.4	359.9	539.3	1593.4	
1980	341.6	439.7	377.5	574.7	1733.5	
1981	401.2	485	425	639.8	1950	

Cal-endar	EARNINGS PER SHARE Mar. 31	June 30	Sept. 30	Dec. 31	Year	Full Year
1977	.35	.63	.40	.48	1.86	
1978	.40	.78	.37	.35	1.90	
1979	.40	.74	.20	d.15	1.19	
1980	.21	.53	.17	.21	1.12	
1981	.33	.60	.35	.37	1.65	

Cal-endar	QUARTERLY DIVIDENDS PAID Mar. 31	June 30	Sept. 30	Dec. 31	Full Year
1977	.157	.157	.157	.157	.63
1978	.173	.173	.173	.173	.69
1979	.19	.19	.19	.19	.76
1980	.20	.20	.20	.20	.80
1981	.20	.20			

(A) Fiscal yr. ends about Dec. 31 prior to '72. Mar. 31 of following cal. yr. (B) Primary eps. Excl. extra gains: '64, 40¢; '68, 15¢; '70, 15¢; '71, 5¢; losses, 68, 12¢; '72, 6¢. Next eps rep't due late July. Estd. constant dollar eps/sh. '80, 0$2.00. (C) Next div'd meet's about July 20. Goes ex about Aug. 10. Approx. pay. dates: Mar. 9, June 8, Sept. 8, Dec. 8. Plus stock: 5% '67, '70, '73. ■ Div'd reinvest. plan av.

BUSINESS: Castle & Cooke, Inc. is a diversified, multinational grower, processor, packer, distributor, and marketer of foods—*Dole* pineapple, bananas, and mushrooms; *Bud* lettuce; *Bumble Bee* and *Royal Alaskan* seafoods; and cane sugar. Has production operations in U.S., Latin America, & Far East. Has land development & real estate operations in California & Hawaii, where it has extensive landholdings. Labor costs about 25% of sales. '80 depreciation rate: 5.9%. Est'd plant age: 7 yrs. Has 37,800 full-time emplys. Has 31,000 stkhldrs. Dirs. own 2% of stock. Chmn.: H.B. Clark, Jr. Pres. & C.E.O.: D.J. Kirchhoff, Inc.: HI. Address: 130 Merchant St., Honolulu, HI 96813.

Do two quarters of positive comparisons signal a trend? Maybe. It certainly looks encouraging following on the heels of nine periods of flat or down earnings. We're keeping our fingers crossed that the turnaround can be sustained and that earnings this year will reach $1.65 a share.

Give management credit for much of the bottom-line improvement. When earnings dropped into the red at the end of 1979, management decided it was time to regroup. New marketing, distribution and sourcing plans were whipped up, and the company's ambitious expansion program was slowed down. A money-losing mushroom farm and an obsolete tuna processing plant (since replaced by a cost-efficient new one) were closed. These factors, plus a better supply/demand balance in several key product areas, helped edge the bottom line forward.

Problems still abound. Unpredictable commodity supplies and staggering interest rates lend an air of uncertainty to year-ahead prospects. The current lettuce and processed pineapple glut and a tuna shortage are the big worries. Though C&C can't do very much about the lettuce and pineapple situation, efforts to secure wider sources of tuna are beginning to pan out and should pay off by year-end. Interest rates affect C&C in two ways. First of all, the company must borrow huge short-term sums to finance its seasonal inventories. Net interest costs in the March quarter were 21% above a year ago. Secondly, interest rate levels pretty much determine the profitability of T&C's real estate operations. Until rates retreat from their currently lofty levels, this division probably won't show much life, and earnings gains will be held in check.

These shares aren't timely, yet. But with profits slowly getting back on track, the stock probably will keep up with the year-ahead market averages. An improved economic climate and some stability in the commodities markets would go a long way toward injecting some life into the company's recent dismal growth record. *M.L.C./P.E.*

Sales (and Operating Profit Margin %) by Business Line	1978	1979	1980	1981
Processed Foods	522.9 (7.9%)	584.4 (8.2%)	654.9 (6.6%)	720.0 (7%)
Fresh Foods	619.9 (2.8%)	763.0 (6.5%)	878.0 (4.3%)	1000.0 (4%)
Real Estate	69.9 (24.6%)	90.0 (32.2%)	50.8 (24.2%)	70.0 (22.8%)
Other	216.9 (22.2%)	147.0 (16.6%)	151.8 (12.2%)	160.0 (10.0%)
Company Total	1329.6 (10.1%)	1593.4 (11.8%)	1733.5 (8.6%)	1950 (8.5%)

Income before taxes & minority adjs.

Company's Financial Strength	B
Stock's Price Stability	75
Price Growth Persistence	70
Earnings Predictability	45

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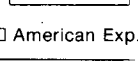

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The Arts in Chicago

by Henry Hanson

Culture is alive and well in Chicago. Second City may be Chicago's nickname, but it refers to size, not second-rate culture. A city that gives the world Sir Georg Solti, Claes Oldenburg, Studs Terkel, REO Speedwagon, Mike Nichols, David Mamet, Saul Bellow, Muddy Waters, Evangeline Gouletas-Carey (condominiums can be an art form), jazz, and the skyscraper can't be culturally adrift between two shores of civilization.

So what if Mayor Jane Byrne and her husband exchange Royal Doulton figurines for Christmas? Never has a Chicago mayor done so much for the arts. She mediated a labor dispute at the Lyric Opera of Chicago and kept the season going, helped send the Chicago Symphony Orchestra on a European tour this summer, gave new lights to the Auditorium, which is one of the great theaters of the world, and saw that the city helped pay for a big Miró sculpture in the Loop and an Ellsworth Kelly in Lincoln Park.

The Second City satirical troupe—which took its name from the title of the late A.J. Liebling's not altogether unfriendly book about Chicago—is a cultural asset that has produced dozens of major talents. Chicago is the nation's first city of architecture, with three of the world's five tallest buildings, and scores of original architectural talents following in the footsteps of Louis Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright, and Mies van der Rohe.

The Art Institute of Chicago is rich with French Impressionist paintings, and not long ago got its three stolen Cézannes back. The Museum of Contemporary Art was the first building in America to be wrapped by artist Christo. The Chicago Film Festival is in its 17th year. The Chicago City Ballet was born last year under Maria Tallchief. A new cultural center for the North Loop is on the drawing boards. So is a new library. Theater is in ferment, recently premiering Mustapha Matura's *Play Mas*, and sending *Mornings at Seven* to Broadway from the now defunct Lake Forest Academy Playhouse.

Ethnic restaurants abound, small hotels offer civility and high tea, the city keeps its lakefront looking better than any other city, and more than 10 million visitors a year attest that the spirit of Al Capone is kaput. This portfolio focuses on Chicago's cultural diversity.

ARCHITECTURE

Like its striptease shows of yesteryear, Chicago is noted for buildings that show their structure rather than hide it. They range from the horizontal Prairie-style houses of Frank Lloyd Wright to the "less-is-more" glass and steel facades of Mies van der Rohe's skyscrapers. A British visitor recently surveyed the black, tapered profile of the brutally severe John Hancock Center by the architectural firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill (SOM) and declared, "It looks like Darth Vadar."

Modern American architecture came of age in Chicago. Visitors should treat themselves to one of the tours offered by the Chicago Architecture Foundation, or buy a book on the subject and set off by themselves.

A good place to start is the corner of Dearborn and Adams streets in the heart of the Loop. There is the Federal Center, a three-building complex of austere glass and steel that is among the best works of Mies van der Rohe. Just beyond is the Monadnock Building, the tallest masonry office building of all time, with six-foot-wide walls at the bottom to support the weight. The architectural firm of Burnham and Root did the north half of the building in 1891, and two years later Holabird & Roche did the south half. Mayor Byrne chose the red-brick structure for her campaign headquarters.

Looking the other way along Dearborn, one sees the Marquette Building by Holabird & Roche, a splendid example of early steel-frame architecture. Just beyond is the Inland Steel Building by SOM, the first Mies-inspired building in the Loop. It was completed in 1957 and signaled the start of a postwar building boom in the city. Cater-corner is the Xerox Centre by Helmut Jahn, the city's most iconoclastic architect whose spectacular glass-sheathed State of Illinois Building is under construction across the street from City Hall. Down Adams Street is the Rookery Building, a rugged, Romanesque building of 1886 by Burnham and Root. Frank Lloyd Wright remodeled the striking lobby. Beyond is Sears Tower, a bundle of nine tubes by SOM. Each rises to a different height to create a strong profile. This is the world's tallest building, and at the top is Chicago's best observation deck.

Nearby is the Metropolitan Correctional Center demonstrating architect Harry Weese's flare for innovation with its triangular shape and slit windows. Not far away is Adler & Sullivan's Auditorium Building, Chicago's first multi-use building. At State and Madison streets is one of the best examples of the Chicago School, a department store instead of an office tower, Louis Sullivan's masterpiece, the Carson Pirie Scott & Company store.

On Chicago's Near North Side is the Old Water Tower by W.W. Boyington, a 138-foot-high cut-stone standpipe and

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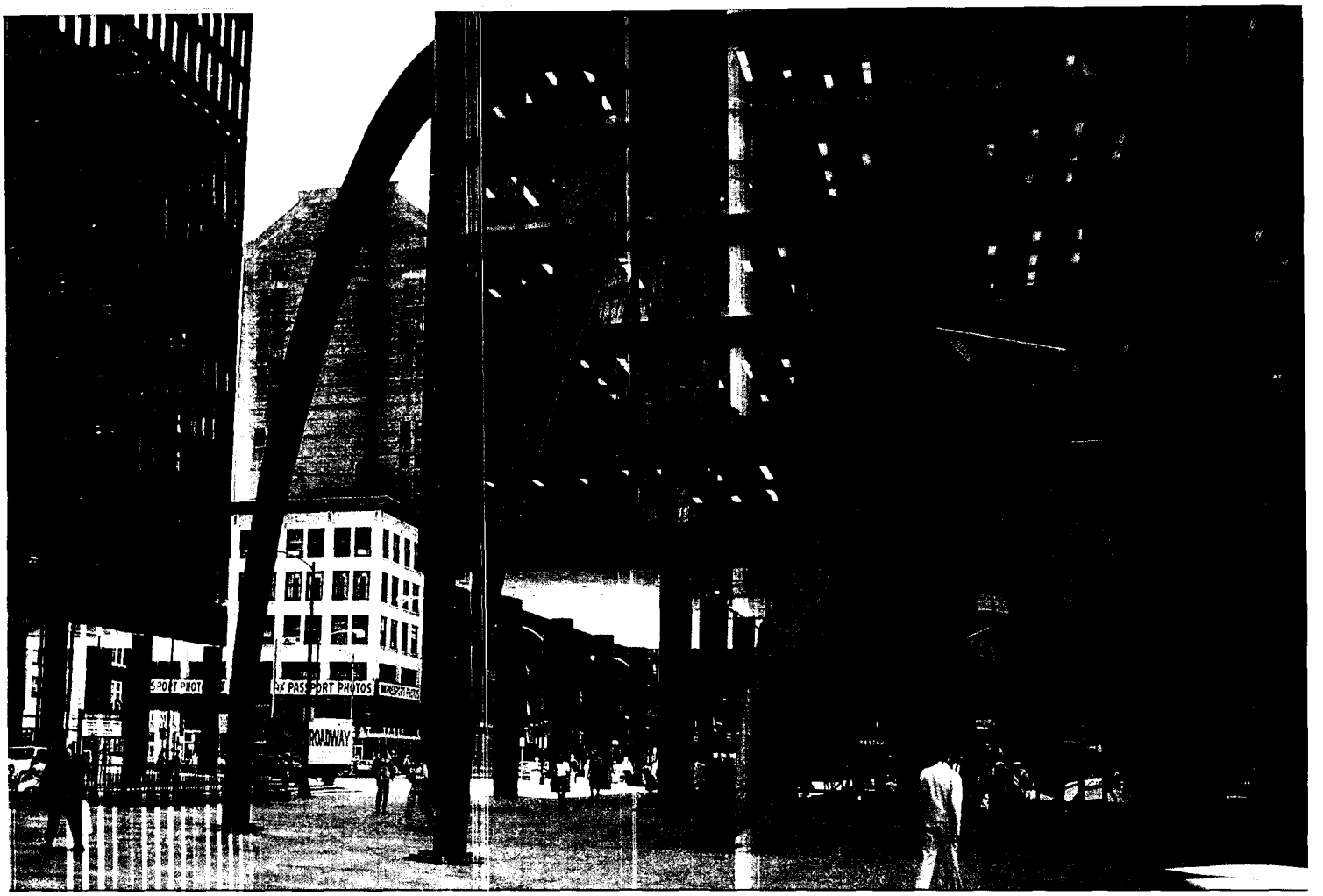

A stabile by Alexander Calder at the Federal Center Plaza on a four-block stretch of the Loop called "sculpture alley."

pumping station that survived the Great Chicago Fire of 1871. Oscar Wilde called it a "castelated monstrosity," but Chicagoans love it, and it now serves as a tourist information center.

Architects come from all over the world to study the great buildings in the city where modern architecture was born. Architectural historian Reyner Banham wrote, "For sheer commercial splendor, Chicago is the rival of Baroque Rome."

SCULPTURE

Chicago prides itself on its big, outdoor sculpture. In a four-block stretch of the Loop dubbed "sculpture alley" are large works by Picasso, Miró, Chagall, and Calder. A bronze by Henry Moore is due late this summer.

"No other city in the world has such a concentration of large-scale works by world-famous sculptors," said investment broker Stanley Freehling, an arts patron who is promoting new works in the Loop by Dubuffet and Louise Nevelson. Freehling headed a citizens' committee that raised funds for the latest piece, a $500,000 Miró sculpture of a woman erected across the street from the 14-year-old Chicago Picasso, which long ago replaced Al Capone and the Art Institute of Chicago's two bronze lions as the city's trademark.

Up in Lincoln Park, a $100,000, 36-foot-high stainless steel sculpture by Ellsworth Kelly is to be unveiled by Mayor Byrne, probably with a community picnic on the grass. Marble fountains by Isamu Noguchi bubble (when they're in working order) in front of the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. Harry Bertoia's singing wind sculpture clangs in a pool in front of the Standard Oil Building. A Henry Moore sundial is at the Planetarium, and Moore's "Nuclear Energy" saluting the splitting of the atom is on the campus of the University of Chicago.

Claes Oldenburg's 100-foot-high "Batcolumn" rises on Social Security Administration Plaza. Oldenburg, who grew up in Chicago, son of the Swedish consul general, has proposed several monumental sculptures for the city, including a giant fireplug on top of Navy Pier, and a rear-view mirror on the lakefront ("So you can look east and see the sunset in the west," he explained).

These are contemporary works. If you're into generals on horseback and such, the city has a wide variety ranging from Lorado Taft's 1913 "Fountain of the Great Lakes" outside the Art Institute; his "Fountain of Time" on the University of Chicago's Midway; Ivan Mestrovic's "The Spearman and the Bowman" in Grant Park; John Storrs's 30-foot-high "Ceres" on top of the Board of Trade Building; and Saint Gaudens's classic seated Lincoln in Grant Park and his standing Lincoln in Lincoln Park. Summer is a splendid time to get acquainted with all of them.

THEATER

Chicago can hold its own for theatergoers. Its stages often astound in quality, though not in numbers. The satirical comedy troupe called Second City has given the nation talented alumni such as Mike Nichols, Elaine May, Paul Sand, Alan Arkin, Barbara Harris, Shelley Berman, Valerie Harper, and brothers John and Jim Belushi.

Tennessee Williams, disappointed by drubbings from Broadway drama critics, is now associated with Chicago's Goodman Theater, where he recently premiered his new play, *A House Not Meant to Stand.* At a 70th-birthday party for Williams, WFMT

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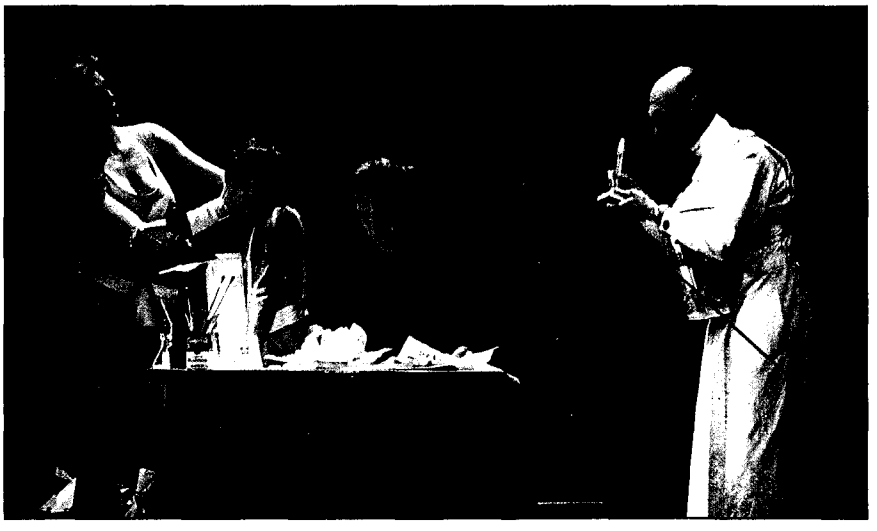
radio critic Claudia Cassidy (who once turned down an offer by the *New York Times* to be its drama critic) told Tennessee, "Don't blow out the candles!" As former drama critic for the *Chicago Tribune*, she had lit more candles than anyone for the playwright when *The Glass Menagerie* was young in Chicago and Broadway hadn't heard of Tennessee. Playwright David Mamet, a native son, is an associate director at the Goodman Theater. His hit *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* is to be filmed in Chicago. Mamet now lives in Vermont, but continues to open his plays in his hometown. Sam Shepard, the nation's second most-produced living playwright (after Williams) was born near the Chicago suburb of Fort Sheridan of a career army father. The playwright set his Pulitzer Prize play *Buried Child* on an Illinois farm. Shepard seldom returns to his native state, but Chicago gives vivid productions of his works, especially under director Robert Falls, who staged a brilliant production of Shepard's *Curse of the Starving Class*.

Falls is artistic director of Wisdom Bridge Theater, a second-floor walk-up on the city's northern boundary, which has staged stunning productions of Bertolt Brecht's *Mother Courage* and *The Idiots Karamozov* co-authored by Albert Innaurato and Christopher Durang. A production of Brian Friel's *The Faith Healer* will be running at Wisdom Bridge during most of August.

Chicago's largest theater, Arie Crown, seating 4,319 in McCormick Place on the lakefront, had Sandy Duncan flying around in the road company of *Peter Pan* last month. *Annie* is next, in September. (Rex Harrison earlier this year played *My Fair Lady* in the cavernous place and allowed that he hated the theater. Critics frequently complain about the acoustics, and static-ridden, tinny-sounding body microphones don't help the situation.)

Evita, the musical based on the life of Eva Peron, is holding up through August at the Shubert Theater. The Goodman recently premiered *Dwarfman, Master of a Million Shapes!*, a new play by Michael Weller, who also wrote *Loose Ends* and *Moonchildren*. *Annie Get Your Gun*, the Forties musical with the Irving Berlin score, plays through August 16 at Candlelight Dinner Playhouse in suburban Summit, which back in 1959 opened as the nation's first dinner theater.



From left: Marilyn Hamlin, Ian Trigger, Stephen Pearlman, and J. Pat Miller, in Michael Weller's play *Dwarfman*, which premiered recently at the Goodman Theatre.

About 40 professional theaters keep their doors open for most of the year, and the League of Chicago Theaters, a theatrical umbrella organization, operates a HOT TIX booth in the Daley Center Plaza near the Chicago Picasso sculpture. Tickets on the day of performance are sold there half-price. For up-to-date information and reviews of current shows, visitors should consult *Chicago* magazine, the *Reader* weekly newspaper, and the daily newspapers.

Concerts

Classical music lovers have two main oases in the Chicago area this summer—free concerts in Grant Park between a magnificent skyline and Lake Michigan, and the Ravinia Festival in the suburban woodland of Highland Park 30 miles north, which sells tickets. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra plays Ravinia before quitting in mid-August for a European tour under conductor Sir Georg Solti. Then the New York Philharmonic under Zubin Mehta will give concerts on August 24 and 25. The Grant Park Symphony will perform for all concerts in Grant Park through August 30.

For innocent out-of-towners, the programs for the free Grant Park concerts may look better on paper than the Ravinia Festival where seats in the open-air pavilion cost up to $16. Critic Robert C. Marsh of the *Chicago Sun-Times* said, "It's Grant Park that reads like the major American festival and Ravinia that looks, more and more, like the free summer series." Grant Park concerts will run through August, with pops concerts conducted by Norman Leyden August 12 and 14, and by Mitch Miller August 26, 27, 29, and 30.

Elsewhere in Chicago, rock, pop, bluegrass, and jazz will hold forth all summer long. The largest crowds will flock to ChicagoFest, a 12-day celebration running through August 9, at Navy Pier, with more than 500 bands and headliners such as Crystal Gayle, Mickey Gilley, Air Supply, and Bobby Vinton. Troubadors will sing on city street corners under Byrne's Summertime Chicago program. That old Woody Herman tune, "Big Noise Blew in From Winnetka," should have Winnetka changed to Chicago.

Opera

The Lyric Opera of Chicago begins its 27th season September 25 with Camille Saint-Saëns's *Samson et Dalila*, and a new general manager, Ardis Krainik. Early in her singing career with the Lyric Opera ("I think I've played everybody's maid or mother," says Krainik), she sang as a Valkyrie, one of Wotan's daughters who escorted the fallen warriors to Valhalla. Now, after 20 years as assistant Lyric Opera manager, Krainik runs the company that is Valhalla itself on its good nights.

Lyric Opera will share the production of *Samson et Dalila* with the San Francisco Opera. Both cities enjoy 12-week opera seasons, and Harold C. Schonberg, former chief music critic of the *New York Times*, observed on the Lyric's 25th anniversary, that New Yorkers tend to grow "smug and provincial" about great opera outside New York's Metropolitan Opera. Schonberg wrote, "Within those 12 weeks, both [Chicago and San Francisco] present opera of the very highest standard, with a repertory that invariably is more

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interesting than the Metropolitan's, and with superstar casts that even the Metropolitan often cannot match."

Lyric Opera, which was called Lyric Theater when it was founded in 1954, is Chicago's longest-lived opera company in a city whose opera history goes back to 1850. Until early this year, it was headed by the dynamic founder and general manager Carol Fox, who had brought Maria Callas to Chicago for her American debut and who commissioned Krzysztof Penderecki's *Paradise Lost*. It had its world premiere in Chicago in 1978, and then, in an unprecedented move, the entire physical production was sent to play at La Scala in Milan, Italy.

Fox, who had pulled off miracles in signing great singers and conductors, retired reluctantly early this year for reasons of health in a period when skyrocketing production costs were agitating the opera's board of directors. The *Chicago Tribune* said Fox deserved 25 years of curtain calls for what she had given the city. The Lyric board of directors immediately signed Krainik to become general manager, with Bruno Bartoletti remaining as artistic director, just as Krainik was about to take over as head of the opera in Sydney, Australia.

Lyric Opera's other productions this season, which had been planned by Fox and Bartoletti, include *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Ariadne auf Naxos*, *Macbeth*, *Fidelio*, *Don Quichotte*, and a Lyric Opera premiere of *Roméo et Juliette*.

A smaller but noteworthy opera company is the Chicago Opera Theater that is scheduled to open its season next February 6 with an English version of Mozart's *The Abduction From the Seraglio*, celebrating the 200th anniversary of the opera's 1782 premiere.

The company's opera production of Tennessee Williams's play *Summer and Smoke* was filmed last year by WTTW, Chicago's public television outlet, and will probably get national viewing next year.

MUSEUMS

Alexander the Great may have Greeced the known world in the 4th century B.C. before he died at 32 after a drinking bout, but his spirit is alive and pulling in the crowds this summer at the Art Institute of Chicago. A show of 180 Greek antiquities called *The Search for Alexander* runs through September 7. It was brought to the U.S. from Greece by Time Inc. and the National Bank of Greece.

If you're still catching up, the Art Institute owns El Greco's "The Assumption of the Virgin," Rembrandt's "Young Girl at an Open Half-Door," Seurat's "Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte," and some of the greatest French Impressionist paintings ever assembled under one roof. It's what you expect at one of the world's great museums.

Over at the Museum of Contemporary Art through August 31 is a kicky show by 22 artists from Detroit's inner city. The title is *Kick Out the Jams*, which was the name of a late Sixties song by the revolutionary rock group from Detroit called the MC5. The show was a hit in Detroit during last summer's Ronald Reagan convention, so if *those* people liked it, it can't be all counterculture ranting.

The Field Museum of Natural History has a delightful show of large-scale models of Hopi Indians at religious ceremonies, through September 8, plus the usual stuffed mammoths, Egyptian mummies, and reassembled dinosaur bones. The nearby Adler Planetarium has a show called *Cosmic Catastrophes*, running through September 15, that is truer to life than *The Empire Strikes Back*. The Museum of Science and Industry has shows called *Italy: A Country Shaped by Man*, and *Berlin: A City in Search of its Future*, through most of August, plus an array of technological and scientific exhibits. And the Shedd Aquarium has 4,500 fishes. In suburban Evanston, the new Terra Museum of American Art has fine American Impressionist paintings from the collection of its founder, millionaire industrialist Daniel J. Terra, who is President Reagan's designee for Ambassador at Large for Cultural Affairs.

Those are highlights from a few of more than 70 Chicago-area museums, which range from the Du Sable Museum of African American History, to the Oriental Institute Museum, both at the University of Chicago, to Frank Lloyd Wright's Home and Studio in suburban Oak Park. Each deserves a visit. ■

Henry Hanson is senior editor of *Chicago* magazine.

Degas's "Ballet at the Paris Opera," from the Art Institute of Chicago's first-rate collection of French Impressionists.

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Tribal Treasures

by Susan K. Reed

Lester and Sue Wunderman admit happily that their wedding was exotic. Not the first one—that was a traditional family affair held in New York City. It was the *second* ceremony, performed a few weeks later by a high priest in the east African village of Sangha, somewhere between Mopti and Timbuktu in Mali, the arid home of a cliff-dwelling tribe called the Dogon. The festivities spanned three days; at the end of the singing, dancing, and storytelling the Wundermans had become a chapter in the folklore of the village.

Lester Wunderman's relationship to the Dogon tribe, however, is much more than folklore. Over the last 30 years, the chairman of the New York advertising firm of Wunderman, Ricotta & Kline has lovingly assembled what is now the most complete collection of Dogon sculpture to be found in the world. This year, he has donated a major part of his collection to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, for the new Michael C. Rockefeller Wing (scheduled to open in January 1982), which will display arts of Africa, Oceania, and the Americas.

The Wundermans share their spacious Fifth Avenue apartment overlooking Central Park with masterpieces of Dogon craftsmanship: wood figures with arms raised skyward, vaguely menacing masks, elegantly carved stools, and graceful iron statuettes. The foyer, wallpapered with black-and-white geometrically patterned Dogon burial cloth, beckons visitors into a different world. The sunny living room holds wood and iron sculpture of humans and animals, rings, necklaces, funerary headrests, and abstract door locks. Iron figures, anticipating Giacometti by five centuries, lead down the hallway to a stunning walnut-paneled library filled with masks, sculpture, and books on African art. Sue Cott Wunderman, manager of editorials at WCBS-TV, gestures to the odd but appealing group surrounding her. "They're my friends, my family."

Top: Sue Wunderman with the Dogon. Opposite: On table, a 15th-century funerary bowl (terra-cotta) formed by five figures. Couch is covered in cloth from Mali. On shelf: four ritual masks flank a wood sculpture of mother and child.

"When Sue and I were married six years ago," Lester Wunderman explains "and she came here to live, the house was filled—was really *possessed* by this material. I thought it wouldn't be fair for her to live here and not know what this stuff was."

The opportunity soon presented itself. "Lester had been invited to visit President Leopold Senghor of Senegal to talk about raising funds for a cultural center in Dakar," Mrs. Wunderman explains. "While we were there, he sent word forward to the Dogon: Would they marry us? Since there was no way to get their reply, we just got into a Land Rover and *went* there. After about twelve hot, dusty hours I saw something. It was people jumping up and down, yelling and dancing. It was wildness! They rushed over to the Land Rover and grabbed Lester out of the car and threw him into the air. My new husband! I have to admit, I was very apprehensive about our future." These were Lester Wunderman's old friends, of course, made on a previous visit to the tribe in 1972. His wife's apprehension soon vanished as she moved temporarily in with the Dogon.

Lester Wunderman never set out to collect anything. Born 60 years ago and raised in New York City, he was drawn to writing and photography as a young man. He went into advertising, and in 1958 founded his present company. How did he come to be the world's foremost expert and collector of Dogon art? "I was in Los Angeles in 1955, and I had to buy a present. I wandered into a gallery specializing in Pre-Columbian art, and the gallery owner's wife brought out a small kneeling figure to show me. She thought it was African. I liked it, so I bought it and brought it back to New York." Wunderman pored through all the books he could find trying to pinpoint its origin—"though in those days, most of them were in French," he recalls. "I found a picture in one book

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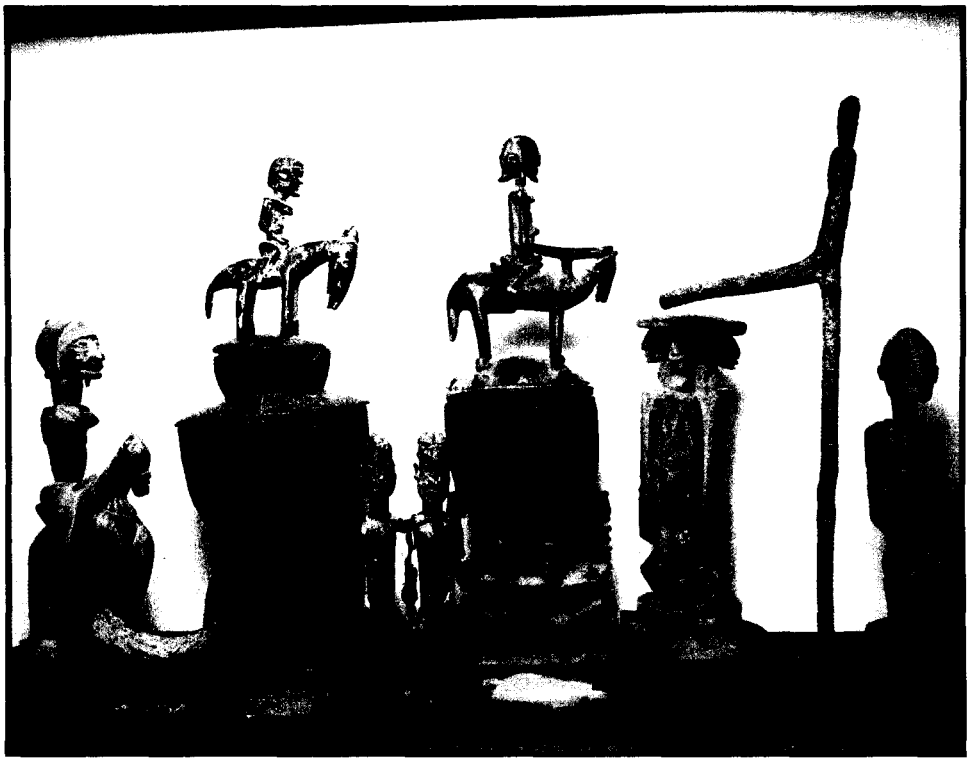
Top: The Wundermans' living room with assorted Dogon art. Standing figures are *nommos*, the 10 mythological Dogon ancestor figures from whom all humans are descended. At right, wood horse and rider, "the best of its kind."



Below (from left): horse and rider, granary bowls belonging to the high priest of the village; (front) funerary headrests, wooden *nommo* couple; (right) standing figures between discs that represent earth and sky, iron walking stick, wood sculpture of Dogon blacksmith.

Opposite: Iron *nommos* along wall represent the first Dogon blacksmith; wavy rods symbolize his descent from heaven. (Foreground) forked post (carved in the shape of a woman) for supporting a *toguna*, a shed in which men discuss village affairs.

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that looked like my figure, and I tracked it down to the Dogon. It was uniquely Dogon—very abstract, almost Cubist."

His fascination with the art and the people was ignited. Still, he didn't "collect." "I did a lot of looking and not much buying in those years," he says. "I wanted to understand what Dogon art was about. What did it mean? It's not enough to decide you *like* African art, because the art is a form of thought as well as a form of aesthetic."

Those early years were spent prowling the galleries, interrogating everyone who knew Dogon art—or better yet, the Dogon themselves. "You have to realize that the Dogon don't have a concept of their work as 'art.' It's a symbolic expression of the fundamental values of their universe: water, life, sexuality."

Asked how he knew what to buy, he replies, "There were some very good dealers. You had to get to know them and trust them." It was with one of them, Henri Kamer, who owned galleries in New York and Paris, that Lester Wunderman first visited the Dogon in 1972. "We spent three weeks with the tribe. The Dogon helped me," he says. "They taught me a lot of their rituals, they let me see blood sacrifices, they allowed me to see rites that outsiders aren't normally permitted to observe."

As time went by, he acquired more pieces. "With each piece, I learned more. Some of the dealers thought I was crazy," he admits. "I'd come in and they would whisper, 'Here comes Mr. Dogon.' They thought I was a madman with an *idée fixe*. But I had a mission."

Early on, Wunderman realized that although the verbal history of the Dogon had been collected by the French, no one had undertaken the responsibility of preserving the cultural and visual traditions of the tribe. "I thought it would be a wonderful thing to accumulate, while it was still accumulatable, the history of Dogon art."

Over the years he has scoured America, Europe, and Africa for landmark objects that would complete his collection. He once waited five years for a Zurich dealer to sell a particular wood horse and rider, now standing in his living room. "It's the best of its kind in the world," Wunderman says, satisfied.

"I was very lucky," he says. "There existed a window in time that allowed me to collect Dogon art to this extent. It was available and affordable. I'd say that window closed in the early Seventies. Now you wouldn't be able to find important pieces. Whereas at one time you might have found something for anywhere from several hundred dollars to $5,000, now it would cost $50,000.

His accomplishments on behalf of Dogon people rival that of the collection itself. Hearing that the Dogon had been severely affected by the north African drought, he sent several engineering students to teach them how to build cisterns to catch water. "It was my expression of gratitude," he explains. "To the Dogon, water is life."

It is his singular sense of mission that separates Lester Wunderman from fellow collectors. He approaches the activity of collecting with the same love and sense of responsibility he has developed for the Dogon. "One shouldn't collect chaotically, irresponsibly, or just for the sake of possession," he says.

Certainly no one could accuse Lester Wunderman of such sins. He has donated much of his collection to the Metropolitan because his original purpose of preserving the Dogon society and its art had been achieved. The 30-year mission will be designated the Lester Wunderman Collection of Dogon Art. He is adamant that the collection which he has worked so long to complete be made available to people. "If you love something enough, you've got to give it up, to share it," he says. "My collecting wasn't ever for the purpose of having, it was collecting for the purpose of knowing. And the second purpose of knowledge is to share knowledge."

Asked if he will miss the art, he chuckles. "I've gained so much... French, the Dogon, sculpture, friends. I've been enriched far beyond the enrichment that comes from acquiring things." ■

PHOTOS BY FRANCOIS BOTA

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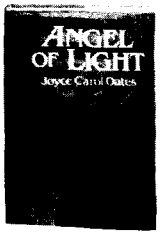
Oates Country

by Laura Z. Hobson



Angel of Light
by Joyce Carol Oates
E.P. Dutton
480 pp., $15.50

In 13 novels Joyce Carol Oates has staked out her own vast, drear territory.

It is on a windy morning in early March, a day of high scudding dizzy clouds, some nine months after their father's ignoble death, that his only children, Owen and Kirsten, make a pact to revenge that death."

These are the opening lines of *Angel of Light*, Joyce Carol Oates's 13th novel and 37th published work. *Ignoble death, revenge, make a pact,* even the *high scudding dizzy clouds*—these words and phrases somehow evoke in me an image of a vast, drear landscape pierced by an unswerving highway, and of a green-and-white roadside marker: You are entering Joyce Carol Oates country.

From her earlier novels, I know there will be violence in this dark terrain—and lightning-flash brilliance. *Angel of Light* proves me correct. In some respects, it is flawed, but its driving narrative makes it a stunner.

Before you are six lines into page one, you know that these two children of Maurice J. Halleck, head of the Ministry of Justice in Washington, D.C. until he was accused of bribery and corruption in one of Washington's greatest scandals—you know that Kirsten, 17, and Owen, 21, have decided that their father's ignoble death—in a car driven into a slimy, stagnant swamp a hundred miles from Washington—was not an accident (as the official records have it), but murder. What's more, they are sure they know who the murderers are.

On page two, you learn that Kirsten has sent Owen a message he finds "singularly disturbing, singularly ugly." On stiff white paper, she has pasted two newspaper pictures—one of their beautiful mother, the second of handsome Nick Martens, one of their mother's lovers. Under the first photograph, Kirsten had scrawled, in purple ink amidst blotches of her own blood:

ADULTERESS-PIG. BITCH. MURDERER. SHE IS YOURS, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.

And under Nick's picture, also blood-smeared:

THE MURDERER IS MINE
I KNOW WHAT TO DO AND WILL DO IT.

For two weeks Owen ignores the message. When his mother says she is worried about Kirsten, who won't even talk to her by phone, he shouts, "The kid is sick ... the kid had better be shot up with Thorazine, strapped into a straitjacket ... too much dope, too many uppers, she's turning into an A-head...." Yet as he speaks, he thinks it's his mother, not his father, who should have died.

By now you are only 30 pages into the book; there are 450 more to go. The main string of tension will be spun out between Kirsten and Owen, tied in a tight, angry sibling knot. "Hateful.

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Loving. Feuding." Will they actually kill their mother and her lover? If so, how? By shooting, poison, stabbing? Will they be arrested, tried, imprisoned? What of the scribbled note their father left: "I am guilty, I violated my oath"? Was he innocent, forced to confess by those who were to murder him, as both his children believe?

Yes, Joyce Carol Oates country. But wait. Right here the author chooses to go into deep flashback — 33 years back to 1947, when Maurie and Nick were off on a vacation from school "in the desolate and beautiful wilderness in Western Ontario."

> The accident will finally happen. The canoe will capsize ... something is wrong .... Nearing the three-mile stretch of the rapids ... the long white rapids—the boys hear the low murmurous white-water sound, the warning sound, a distant avalanche.... Rocks of all sizes, all shapes—boulders—ledges—white foaming water—churning—delirious—deafening.... A rock flies by, another rock flies by, to the left, to the right, to the left.... They are plunging—flying, racing ... and nothing can touch them. Maurie Halleck and Nick Martens: seventeen years old.... They will live forever! *Nothing* can touch them!

It will be nearly 50 more pages before you return to 1980 and the main plot, but what a 50 pages they prove to be. In this inserted story of adolescence and accident dwells that other factor in Joyce Carol Oates country—the lightning-flash brilliance that stuns. The descriptions of Maurie and Nick's school life—their ambitions, fears, and necessities—strike me as Oates at her startling best.

For instance, she abandons that canoe hurtling toward disaster and writes what amounts to a perfect short story of two 14-year-olds meeting for the first time in the suite they will share at the expensive Bauer School. Maurie Halleck—son of a wealthy family, small for his age, with a "gnomish monkeyish face," pale eyes, steel-rimmed glasses, "skin ... battered ... by acne"—arrives first and begins unpacking in one of the rooms. Nick Martens—inches taller, blond, handsome, at Bauer only via a scholarship—arrives with his mother, surprised at this odd little boy, half-dressed, perspiring, stammering a greeting.

"I'm sorry—I didn't expect—I'm Maurie Halleck—I'm assigned to this room."

Nick manages a smile and introduces himself and his mother, exchanging glances with her, remaining silent, simply gazing at "the agitated boy as if he'd never seen anyone so idiotic."

"That room facing the courtyard," he finally says, "you took it because it has the best light?... it's the largest?"

"They're all the same size. I didn't mean.... "

"You got here first; you have first choice."

Maurie's face grows red, his eyes blink, anxiety nips him. "I haven't unpacked much.... I can take it back out ... you can have it."

A novel of violence and lightning-flash brilliance.

"No, the hell with it. Calm down." But Maurie pleads, urges, and suddenly Nick accepts the offer, a sunny smile on his face as he so easily gains mastery over the other. He "had had time to absorb his suitemate's name. Halleck—? Copper—?" He seemed "to know ... that he and the monkeyish smiling boy were fated to be brothers —to be... very close friends."

It is swift; it rings true. There will be many more masterly little scenes before the canoe accident is allowed to happen, but when you do return to 1980 and the main story, you are not done with flashbacks, and further flashbacks within them. Deft and adroit though many of them are, their frequency and timing often struck me as arbitrary and manipulative.

They awakened an uneasy sense that *Angel of Light* is flawed. Incessant repetitive sections, dialogue iterated and reiterated, and interminable rivers, torrents, spates, and avalanches of language fed that sense throughout the novel. I found also a once-over-lightly flimsiness in the author's treatment of big business, international politics, even terrorism. Thus, though the principal setting of the book is Washington at its most glittering, I found myself thinking too often: Portrait of the nation's capitol by one who has never lived there.

But for all its flaws, *Angel of Light* held me gripped. Just for the hell of it, I dug out a dozen or so reviews of her other novels: They were filled with adjectives like *weird, strange, implausible, inexplicable, nonrational, lurid, sado-masochistic, gory, obsessed, opaque, depraved.* And, of course, *violent.*

Would there be such a hullabaloo about the violence in her books if they had been written by a man? Isn't sexism crawling into many of these reviews? From her earliest books onward—when she was still in her twenties, or barely out of them—the reviewers too often struck an insulting tone of surprise: *What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?* Even as admirable—and admiring—a critic as Alfred Kazin permitted himself the little phrases *a woman writer* or *women writers* no less than seven times in a piece he wrote about her some years ago.

Recently Oates herself wrote that everywhere she goes she is asked, "Why are your books so violent?" She replies that in these violent times only tales of violence have reality. Well, maybe. But the critics' preoccupation with a single facet of her work ignores everything else: Her inventiveness, her insider's knowledge of college life, her evocations of nature. Above all, it ignores her ability to tell a story—to write a spellbinder like *Angel of Light.*

To me, all the harping on violence should now be declared off limits. In 13 novels, Joyce Carol Oates has staked out her own territory, and who's to question her claim to it? Or ask why she stays with it? Did critics ever ask Agatha Christie why she always wrote mysteries? ■

Laura Z. Hobson's novels include *Gentleman's Agreement, The Tenth Month,* and coming this winter, *Untold Millions.*

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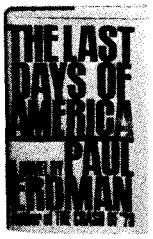
Brand-Name Writing

by Michael M. Thomas



The Last Days of America
by Paul Erdman
Simon & Schuster
368 pp., $13.95

In 1976, *The Crash of '79* established Paul Erdman as a "brand name" author. He quickly became the leading practitioner of "fi fi" (financial fiction), a genre that has proliferated like money-market funds as big bucks have come to be an important subject for writers, if not a subject for important writers. The novel's apocalyptic title and awesome topicality overshadowed certain deficiencies that appear to have become incidental to the manufacture of best-selling novels: characterization, language, atmosphere, style. The book was a great popular success; parts of the business community hailed it as a fifth gospel.

The title of Erdman's new novel, *The Last Days of America*, also incorporates an inviting frisson of disaster. In this case, the apocalypse involves the surrender of American hegemony to a rearmed German Reich that makes its own peace with our sullen antagonists east of the Danube. This Pax Germanica is engineered by a coven of highly placed West German industrialists and financiers, acting in conspiratorial, extra-legal concert with their American counterparts. Set in 1985, the story is told by Frank Rogers, the number-two executive in an imaginary West Coast aerospace company that has lost a plum NATO contract for land-based cruise missiles after being outbribed by its wily competitors at General Dynamics. Like *Crash*, the novel begins with a meal at an "elite" San Francisco men's club and shudders to a close in a vineyard-dotted valley north of the Golden Gate. The reader initially follows Rogers into an intricate bribery scheme, involving a sinister Swiss lawyer, a number of corrupt royal or noble Europeans, and the chairman of his company—a tough-talking, horn-fisted old-timer named Herbert Patterson.

Rogers next becomes embroiled in a plot, masterminded by as stereotyped a collection of Junkers as ever clicked a heel, to rearm West Germany with his firm's cruise missiles. Appalled by the immorality of the scheme—a reaction stimulated by the discovery that the bribery plot for which he has happily volunteered has been turned against him—Rogers opts for God and Mother and sets out to save the West. With the aid of a beautiful, well-endowed lady lawyer, he manages to save his own skin, to commit manslaughter in the process, and to make his way to a Sonoma County Shangri-La where, to paraphrase Voltaire's Candide, he cultivates his Cabernet Sauvignon vineyards for private bottling.

Erdman's hero wears his snobbism like someone else's suit.

Among the moral and factual matters discoursed on by the garrulous protagonist are marital fidelity, the nature of patriotism, the laws of extradition, and the awarding of degrees at the University of Basel. There is also a great deal of simplistic history. Real personages mingle with fictional ones. Imaginary bankers, generals, ministers of state, White House aides, and industrialists of all stripes share the stage with the likes of Henry Kissinger. Languages spoken include several dialects of Swiss-German, Alsatian, French, and German. Places mentioned include backroads Alsace, Knokke-le-Zoute, the Basel-Mulhouse airport (twice), the Black Forest, Stockholm, and the Bohemian Grove (twice). Fiction-guzzlers titillated by the above goings-on and wealth of detail should stop here and rush out to buy the novel.

Last Days asks to be judged as a thinking man's thriller, a Greenean "entertainment." Here, it fails miserably, lacking sufficient force and verisimilitude to engage the reader's belief. Nor does the novel give rise to reflection about the world of political and financial power it seeks to evoke. It is, I suppose, conceivable that a major U.S. defense contractor would bet everything on a limited-application military system to be marketed overseas, but it is not likely the banks would go along to the tune of $750 million. Certainly not the banks I know, which are some of the same ones that Mr. Erdman names.

While there may be a certain amount of high-level, sinister hanky-panky at the topmost intersections of government and industry in the political and financial capitals of the Free World, the wholesale abdication of mandates implicit in this novel strikes me as far-fetched. To get from A to Z, Erdman presumes an unvigilant, spineless press, a public sector that can be "fixed" from toe to top in a half-dozen nations, and a series of financial gymnastics that are not remotely connected with reality. The thriller of power and place, to which genre this belongs, must be launched from a solid pad of plausibility. In this case, the groundwork is

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***The Crash of '79* established Paul Erdman as the leading practitioner of "fi-fi"—financial fiction.**

absent. The hopeful reader is left with half-resolved, half-dissolved plot lines, cardboard characters, ersatz technological gabble, and half-baked historical excursuses. There is much of the board game in this book. Plot is reduced to the movement of cardboard figures from one square to another.

Fiction is not parcheesi, however. No one would argue, I think, that thriller-writing has fallen on bad times. I have been reading novels of adventure with a political or economic background for nearly 30 years, beginning with John Buchan, Manning Coles, Hammond Innes, and on up to John Le Carré and other contemporary masters. These works have imparted standards, and I am unhappy with what I read here and elsewhere. With few exceptions, I find the decline of writerly responsibility in this genre to be appalling. Tight, credible plotting, which is to this kind of novel what the spinal column is to the human body, has degenerated into a confused mass of unsurely linked ganglia. In place of gripping, believable tales with interesting or glamorous characters whose personalities and motives are vivid and intriguing, we are now served up facts or gossip. Imagination sits in the corner in a dunce cap; its place has been taken by scabrous innuendo retailed by "experts," frequently known liars with an ax to grind, or by information trumpeted as the product of "research."

So, instead of a sense of place, we are given place-names. Characters are not created; names are dropped. Pages are filled with a kind of gossipy, consumerist shorthand. Erdman's book reads like a rough first draft. It looks very much as though he put down whatever came into his head with the view that he, and his editor, presumably, would subsequently knit the plot, give the prose richness, pace, and style, and banish the more unendurable solecisms. That hasn't happened here. The adjectives that come to mind after two close readings of the novel are sloppy, careless, shoddy, awkward.

The narrator seeks to drag the reader into his unmade intellectual bed by presuming a mutual, rib-digging self-satisfaction signaled, as if by neon, with the phrases "of course," or "naturally." The Bohemian Club is "of course" San Francisco's number-two club; in Stockholm one stays, "naturally," at the Grand Hotel; and—my personal favorite—the best asparagus grow, "of course," in "the Calvados region in the South of France." Who cares if the Calvados region is in fact in Normandy, and the best asparagus grow in the Touraine?

This is counterproductive, unattractive pseudo-elitism. Ian Fleming accoutered James Bond with fancy trappings: Morlands cigarettes, Beefeater martinis. But Fleming was a natural aristocrat. In Fleming, Bond's trimmings and trappings seem strangely admirable, as grace to the manor-born always is. Erdman's hero wears his snobbism like someone else's suit.

This book left me with a nasty taste. I did not find it to be a meal worth serving, but the worst restaurants can be the most crowded, and I suspect that this could be what's happening here. The public tends to buy what is pushed hardest by publishers. There is no independent licensing bureau for commercial novelists, and very little effort is expended by what Gore Vidal calls "the bookchat people" on scrupulous criticism of popular fiction. Nor is there mess-market criticism (by Gene Shalit, for example) of mess-market fiction. Quality has been entirely left with the publishers, and it may be that the economics of publishing has made the cost of monitoring an author's prose prohibitive. But there is something about this book, as there has been about other recent books by "big names," that suggests a certain taking-for-granted that should be permitted of no writer, editor, or publisher. *The Last Days of America* strikes me as an egregious example of brand-name writing, but as a worse example of brand-name publishing. Its author may have been suffering from a temporary lapse of imagination, but its editor should have lifted his fierce, power-stricken gaze from the menu of the Four Seasons, run back to the office, and picked up his blue pencil. ■

Michael M. Thomas, a former partner in a major investment banking firm, wrote the 1980 best-seller *Green Monday*.

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An Authentic "Shogun"

by Jan Morris

Musashi: An Epic Novel of the Samurai Era
by Eiji Yoshikawa. translated by Charles S. Terry
Harper & Row/ Kodansha International
1,066 pp., $17.95

Dear God, what's this?

This is a Famous Japanese Novel, described by Professor Edwin O. Reischauer in his learned foreword as the *Gone With the Wind* of Japan. It is true that it contains only about 1,000 pages, but that is because Charles S. Terry has abridged it in the translation. Eiji Yoshikawa's original version, published in the Thirties, contained *26,000* pages. Since its first appearance, it has gone through nine editions, has been made into a film seven times, and has sold 120 million copies, having occupied the Tokyo best-seller lists, it appears, from that day to this. *Musashi*—full of bravado, coincidence, and unrequited love set in the world of shoguns and samurai—is divided into segments named for the wind, the sun, the moon, and the Perfect Light. It is indeed in all ways everything you might expect of a Japanese epic.

It tells the fictionalized life story of a real man, Miyamoto Musashi, who lived in the same tumultuous period, around the end of the 17th century, as the characters of James Clavell's scarcely less widely read *Shogun*. It is a very different work, though. Professor Reischauer, who does not seem to think much of *Shogun*, and applies to it academic epithets like *flagrant*, *distorted*, and *unjustifiable*, says that *Musashi*, on the other hand, can give us insight not only into the Japan of the first Tokugawa rulers, but also into the self-image of 20th-century Japanese, many of whom, he says, see themselves as modern Musashis.

Which is to say that they see themselves as a tireless blend of the bloodthirsty, the compassionate, the courageous, the mystical, and the self-disciplined, for such are the chief traits of Yoshikawa's hero. In many ways this book is just like one of those dubbed martial-arts movies: One can almost see the words not quite fitting the lip movements. And the characters talk in the same quaintly nostalgic way—they say, "That's a laugh!"; they sarcastically cry, "Aargh!"; they scream, "Hey you guys"; they call to one another, "I ran into somebody pretty special today!" The pace of the tale is extremely leisurely. Even in abridgment, the characters are infinite; the plot is, as you might expect, ornate.

It is everything you might expect of a Japanese epic.

Musashi is famous in Japanese history and folklore, it seems, not only as an epitome of the noblest warrior qualities, but more specifically as the inventor of a system of fighting with two swords at the same time. The book is accordingly much concerned with mysteries of the Way of the Sword, both physical and spiritual—purification, loyalty, restraint, duty, sacrifice. Musashi appears first as a headstrong young bravo, following his often brutal instincts, and ends "with his mind...at one with the universe, clear and untroubled," as he breaks the skull of his last opponent—the great swordsman Sasaki Kojior Ganryu—with a single blow of his wooden weapon.

This transformation may seem insufficiently complete to you or me; and, in fact, the historical Musashi went on to further conflicts, possibly including, Professor Reischauer says, the annihilation of the Christian peasantry in Kyushu, an event that did much to isolate Japan so long from all the rest of us. To Yoshikawa, though, the cracking of that last skull was a symbolic fulfillment. The sword was made only of wood, and Ganryu lay in death with no sign of anguish on his face—nothing but satisfaction at having fought a good fight, not the faintest shadow of regret. Musashi had proved himself the supreme swordsman, but his skill had been metamorphosed into art, just as his personality had been refined over the long years into noble purity.

I do not know, and Professor Reischauer does not tell us, to what extent the tale is allegory. Much of it reads like myth, and it is a shock sometimes to remember that its author died only in 1962. If it is sometimes reminiscent of Robin Hood, it often suggests *Pilgrim's Progress*, and though I dare say it loses profundities in the translation, it is often rich in the sort of truisms you find in folklore, and the sort of banal poetry too:

> The little fishes, abandoning themselves to the waves, dance and sing and play, but who knows the heart of the sea, a hundred feet down?

Or:

> *The breeze of love*
> *Tugs at the sleeve of my kimono*
> *Oh the sleeve weighs heavy!*
> *Is the breeze of love heavy?*

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I admit then to being baffled by this saga of old Japan, as I am by so many aspects of that marvelous and extraordinary nation. The combination of violence and extreme delicacy of feeling, so admired, it seems, in Japanese ethics, strikes me as grotesque. The symbolism of the sword, though I well understand its clear and compulsive absolutism, gives me the creeps. The story, though much of it is just childish derring-do, is so involved that I found it hard to follow, while the characters are so multitudinous that I frequently forgot who was who. It takes a good 300 pages, after all, for Musashi even to begin to find himself at one with the universe, and not until around page 800 does he think of fighting with two swords at once.

But there are many beautiful things in the book, even in translation, for unreconstructed Westerners like me. There are exquisite vignettes of landscape and feudal life. There are memorable if dream-like figures, venomous old women, sea captains, prostitutes, wandering samurai. Some of the *Aarghs!* accompany genuinely exciting fights, and there is a description of a mountain climb that—though it is presented as the pitting of soul against self, the realization of identity, the achievement of inner mastery, and that sort of thing—really is a superb evocation of the miseries and exuberant delights of getting to the top of a tough and nasty hill.

Did I skip? Now and then, I concede, a cracked skull or two, a warlord here or there, yet another romantic misunderstanding. Did I admire the work? In some ways, yes, inasmuch as I felt I really understood its intentions. Did I enjoy it? Lord bless you, no. I cannot speak, of course, for its original 26,000-page version, but in its truncated translation, I thought it a serious challenger to Chinese opera for the title of the Great Oriental Bore. ■

Jan Morris's books include *Destinations* and *Pax Britannica*.

Eiji Yoshikawa's tale sometimes suggests Robin Hood, often *Pilgrim's Progress*.

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Fiction Briefs

Baby Love
by Joyce Maynard
Alfred A. Knopf, 224 pp., $10.95

JOYCE MAYNARD'S first book was the strangely wistful *Looking Back: A Chronicle of Growing Up Old in the Sixties*. Published in 1973, when she was a sophomore at Yale, the memoir was suffused with a precocious, if not premature, world-weariness. Maynard went on about unfulfilled expectations, alienation, and lost innocence—the very same spiritual plagues that afflict the characters in her first novel.

In *Baby Love*, Maynard's female protagonists feel that something is lacking in their lives. They turn to motherhood (or to men) to achieve "total passionate devotion," the only antidote, they think, for their elusive malaise. These young women from an insular New England town are an unliberated lot. Sandy, a newlywed Total-Woman-in-training, believes that happiness comes to those who can bake a moist devil's food cake. Sixteen-year-old Tara, whose daughter, Sunshine, was fathered by a peripatetic teenage tomcat, tells herself, "Once you have your baby, nothing else matters." And Jill, a dreamy, headstrong high school senior, expects her boyfriend to marry her when he discovers she's carrying his child. In Maynard's world, however, there is a considerable gap between what is supposed to be and what is.

Maynard's prose is sparse, her characters are deftly drawn, and her pacing is brisk. But there's a queer hollow quality about the book, as if the author became alienated from her own work. Maynard holds her fecund females at arm's length. At times, it's difficult to tell whether she's mocking them or asking us merely to take note of their foibles. Add to this an ill-conceived and premature conclusion, and the result is a curiously misshapen novel.

—MICHELLE GREEN

APRIL 26, 1981 : EDWARD AND ELIZABETH FRIEDMAN OF STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT HAVE A PARTY SO INCREDIBLY DULL THAT THEY LEAVE WITH THEIR GUESTS
MGStevens

The Luck of Huemac: A Novel About the Aztecs
by Daniel Peters
Random House, 688 pp., $16.95

THIS EXPANSIVE, demanding, fascinating novel, a sort of blend of James Michener and Carlos Castenada, details the 100-year rise and fall of the Aztec empire. Peters comes to Aztec civilization without preconceptions. Human sacrifice is seen as merely a part of a stern religion. It is neither criticized nor defended, but accepted along with the other rituals of a dynamic society.

Classic historical narrations have documented Cortez's encounter with Moctezuma, but no history has viewed the confrontation with Mexican eyes. Here, the Spanish invaders are the barbarians, bringing destruction and pestilence. This is the epic story of four generations of a noble family; it centers around Huemac, "Eagle Warrior, ball player, sorcerer"—to quote the 13-page directory of People, Places, and Gods (it's not needed to follow the plot but fun anyway).

It would insult this work to call it anything other than an historical novel. But if the purpose of an historical novel is to bring the dead to life and illuminate important aspects of the human experience that were heretofore only dimly imagined, then this novel succeeds brilliantly where most history has failed.

—CHARLES NICOL

Pretender to the Throne: The Further Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin
by Vladimir Voinovich
Farrar, Straus & Giroux
368 pp., $12.95

IN 1976, Russian dissident Voinovich published *The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin*, a satire on Soviet life and institutions set on the eve of World War II. Chonkin, the anti-hero of the saga, was a bum-

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bling, obtuse but dutiful soldier who liked to build mounds of peeled potatoes and do embroidery. In this sequel, Chonkin is transformed into a helpless victim who has so lost the will to defend himself against a series of fabricated accusations that even his creator abdicates responsibility. "The author," writes Voinovich, "himself disillusioned, doubts whether it is worth his while to continue the biography of this person. Why disillusioned? Because the author himself had not expected this."

Like Chonkin, each character in the book is caught in a senseless web of intrigue; the world that emerges is one of paralysis, devoid of irony. But by taking potshots at everything and everyone, Voinovich raises the question of just how nihilistic a comic novel can become before it loses its impact. If *Pretender to the Throne* is, as its publisher suggests, the Soviet *Catch-22*, then perhaps one advantage a democratic society has over a totalitarian one is that is serves up better material for satire. —ANN GENEVA

The Birds of the Air
by Alice Thomas Ellis
The Viking Press, 156 pp., $10.95

SINCE THE DISSOLUTION of the British Empire, the English have specialized in an inward-looking domestic comedy of manners. At first glance, *The Birds of the Air* seems to belong to this genre of small expectations. But in fact, this novel embodies an unexpectedly radical rejection of the cozy middle-class values of a debased civilization. It's about a family Christmas in a claustrophobically respectable suburb. The characters—the obsessively neat widow, Mrs. Marsh; her matronly daughter, Barbara; Barbara's philandering husband, Sebastian, an Oxford don who is both stupid and cruel; their rebellious son Sam; and their obnoxiously precocious daughter Kate—treat one another deplorably. The "ghost" at the feast is Mrs. Marsh's other daughter, Mary, who has suffered a breakdown following the death of her son. Mary offends the life-must-go-on values of her mother by refusing the analgesic offered by everyday busyness, preferring instead to wait for the death that will reunite her with her son.

At the heart of the story is an imagery that evokes a more primitive and more religious Britain (with the bird as symbol of the Holy Ghost). As in Shakespeare's *A Winter's Tale*, there are the mysteries of birth, death, and resurrection. But it's only half a winter's tale—with the human folly and cruelty intact, but without the magical healing. There are no easy reconciliations in this novel, which sparkles in the cold light of a brilliant and pitiless comedy.
—RONALD NEVANS

Shannon
by Gordon Parks
Little, Brown, 352 pp., $14.95

RESPECTED BLACK photographer-writer-film director (*The Learning Tree*) Gordon Parks's historical novel, *Shannon*, is not the distinguished work his admirers had hoped for. On the up side, it's a strong panorama of Irish Catholic life in New York during World War I and the Jazz Age. It falls somewhere between Howard Fast's socialist fictional musings and Irwin Shaw's ponderings of the ways of the rich. There will be 50 novels just like it this year—swift, safe, mildly sexy stories without a single original phrase

"It appears, Fortescue, that there was a young lady of Luxor. . . ."

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or fresh touch anywhere.

It's surprising, certainly, to find a black novelist writing a "white" novel. But Parks clearly feels close to his outcast "micks" who seek social acceptance on Long Island and yearn to make "the 400." He also has an affinity for the Red agitators who infiltrate the garment and munitions industries. Nonetheless, he presents his "haves" and "have nots" fairly evenhandedly.

Hero Kevin O'Farrell is an inventive toolmaker. He inherits a tool shop and becomes a millionaire during World War I when he applies the production-line principle to his father-in-law's munitions and armaments works. Married to his benefactor's daughter—Shannon (a raving beauty who reads François Villon)—Kevin breaks with his father-in-law in order to enlarge his own factory. When his father-in-law's goons nearly kill him, Shannon suffers a stillbirth and becomes obsessed with dolls. A subplot about Hannibal Jones, a Fisk graduate who is forced to become a redcap, then loses an arm in the war and his wife to suicide (after she's raped by Kevin's brother), leads to an even more violent climax that is somehow not really tied to Kevin's own accidental death. Clean, spare cliches.

—DONALD NEWLOVE

The Silver Spooner
by Darcy O'Brien
Simon & Schuster, 288 pp., $12.95

IN THIS NOVEL for the narcissistic age, Earl Kruger voices his philosophy thus: "You don't go through this world tryin to be loved. You go through it gettin respect. And bein feared." Author O'Brien won the Hemingway Award for the best first novel of 1978 with *A Way of Life, Like Any Other*. His move out West seems to have had a deleterious effect on his writing: His second novel is flatter than Texas. The men all talk in phrases like "I'm sweatin like a nigger on election day." Otherwise, the prose is pure Dick-and-Jane.

A reworking of the movie *Red River*, *The Silver Spooner* casts Earl Kruger in the John Wayne role, with son A. G. as the oppressed sensitive of the piece. But since the author seems to feel that one is either a "real man" or a suicide, A.G.'s fate is clear. After Earl's death, A.G., trying to emulate his dad, buries himself in drink and his ranching empire in debt, leaving wife Claire to best pal Ramsey. But even their covert coupling can't brace this flaccid tale.

It is a western without the ritual showdown, an anti-sissy tract preached from the sissy's stance. A.G. is a "silver spooner," and that precious implement seems to gag the action. From A.G.'s birth on V-J Day to the novel's symmetrical suicides, an invocation of the tragic is intended. But Claire seems happier without A.G., and so is the reader.

—ANNA SHAPIRO

The Burning
by Richard Snow
Doubleday, 229 pp., $11.95

"EVERYTHING'S MADE of wood here," observes a newcomer to Hinckley, Minnesota. "Oh, nothing ever happens," replies his resident companion. "A barn burned up two years ago, but it was abandoned anyway." In this fictional account of a firestorm that incinerated the lumber town in August 1894, Snow masterfully captures the offhand manner of people so inured to summer brush fires that they ignore impending disaster. As one old-timer puts it, "It's always smoky, this time of year."

In Snow's hands, Hinckley during its final hours comes alive. The railroad and the lumber company ("a monster operation employing three hundred citizens") dominate the town, as well as the novel. Impressive is Snow's shaping of one of the novel's pivotal characters—Scott Keegan, a salesman from

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Chicago who arrives in Hinckley a day before the town disappears. Keegan provides the needed outsider's point of view, in this case with equal measure of courtesy and sarcasm.

Somewhat less successful are the scenes of small-town domestic rancor. The portraits of ordinary townspeople struggling under an oppressive summer sun betray a misplaced nostalgia. But Snow's descriptive powers and his unerring feel for the coming holocaust make *The Burning* an engrossing novel.

—TOM SCHMIDT

Nonfiction Briefs

Social Studies
by Fran Lebowitz
Random House, 146 pp., $9.95

AT THE ONSET of this collection of 26 satirical essays, Fran Lebowitz describes the human race as "a group that in my opinion has always attracted an undue amount of attention." As her first book and 1978 surprise best seller *Metropolitan Life* suggested, the quick-witted, quick-tempered Lebowitz may be the funniest chronic complainer on the scene. "I myself find many—even most—things objectionable," she announces here. "Being offended is the natural consequence of leaving one's home."

Chronicling the baroque customs and bizarre behavior of the American species near the end of the 20th century, Lebowitz sounds like Dorothy Parker in Gomorrah, or Emily Post in hysterics. From cafe society to the coffee-klatsch crowd, no social set or disorder escapes her infectious wrath. In the world according to Lebowitz, "Twenty-four-hour room service generally refers to the length of time that it takes the club sandwich to arrive." At dinner parties, "Polite conversation is rarely either." And Los Angeles—"a large city-like area surrounding the Beverly Hills Hotel" as well as the object of the book's best barbs—encompasses a population of some 2.8 million, "1,650,917 of whom are currently up for a series."

This book suffers from the same deficiencies that afflicted her previous collection: redundant gags, occasional clumsy phrases, a dependence on gimmicks such as lists and outlines, and a woeful inability to sustain her jokes throughout a long essay. It's an uneven mix of material. But fortunately, Lebowitz hits more often than she misses, and considerably more often than she did in *Metropolitan Life*. For the most part, *Social Studies* is a textbook example of astute, acerbic social comedy.

—SCOT HALLER

The Next America
by Michael Harrington
Holt, Rinehart and Winston
160 pp., $15.95

TWO DECADES after *The Other America*, his influential study of poverty in the United States, Michael Harrington meditates on the plans of America's resurgent right: "They recognize the same crises I do, yet the future they project is a past that never worked." His forthright new essay—twined with Bob Adelman's striking documentary photographs—is a ruthless critique of the recent past. Yet it is remarkable for its evenhandedness.

Faced with the cultural decadence of the Seventies, fashionable critics of the "me-generation" often rush pell-mell to the Ancient Verities. Harrington, on the other hand, shows how the hedonism of the Sixties was not just the product of a flaw in our character. "Hedonism," he writes, "became an essential dictate of public policy." Conspicuous consumption was a patriotic act; "dropping out" was a rebellion dependent on the fantasy of eternal prosperity. When the Seventies' recessions came, everybody suffered.

This socialist analysis of our recent crises makes excellent sense. What distinguishes the book from mere polemic, however, is its personal, almost intimate tone and its lively, quirky commitment to certain American successes. Trade unions, social security, even Disney World—phenomena usually dismissed by the revisionist intelligentsia—find a sympathetic commentator in Harrington. Though his optimism occasionally cloys, Harrington has something of the rare talent once claimed for another social critic, Alexander Pope: He shows common sense in strong, beautiful, uncommon lights.

—WILLIAM B. LOGAN

The Oil Game
by James McGovern
The Viking Press, 312 pp., $12.95

THERE IS little in *The Oil Game* that excites praise and much that arouses suspicion. It purports to tell us how the oil industry works, but McGovern's examination is, if not downright disingenuous, at least lopsided. The author spends pages describing the colorful characters, past and present, who helped discover and produce America's oil, but he devotes only a paragraph to the Teapot Dome scandal and Exxon's alleged wartime dealings with the Nazis. In fact, no matter how tough McGovern talks, his bottom line matches that of the industry: There is, indeed, an oil shortage; oil's seven sisters are helpless, if willing, pawns of the Arabs; oil companies do not work in concert to control prices and supply; their profits may not be as obscenely high as they appear; and the only way to increase America's energy supply is to drill everywhere but the Grand Canyon.

Well, maybe. But considering that McGovern was once a publicist for Shell and that he produces no new documentation to support his claims, there's little reason to believe every word he says. *The Oil Game* may not be a whitewash, but it's a soft-soap job on a very dirty business.

—ANDREW KLAVAN

The Nation Comes of Age
by Page Smith
McGraw-Hill, 1,264 pp., $21

IN THIS FOURTH volume of Page Smith's mammoth narrative of the American experience, he brings vividly and expertly to life "the disorder, the

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perpetual anxiety, the chronic schizophrenia" that characterized the three decades from the Age of Jackson to the Civil War.

With westward expansion came the emphasis, as a '49 gold rusher put it, on "strength of muscle, absolute brute force." With the industrial revolution came economic insecurity and worker exploitation. With the explosion of population came machine politics and bigotries against Catholics, Freemasons, free blacks, and Indians. Popular Andrew Jackson forcibly uprooted peaceful Indians from their ancestral lands. "Petty, conniving" James K. Polk led a "scandalous and unprovoked" war against Mexico.

Smith's book does not offer any new interpretations. Like Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., who won the Pulitzer Prize for his *Age of Jackson*, he believes that "the good far outweighed the bad" in Jackson's presidency. He sees antislavery as the inescapable imperative of Jacksonian democracy, and Abraham Lincoln as its truest inheritor. He concludes that "redemptive forces are always working in history." A rich, popular history enlivened by well-chosen infusions from contemporary diaries and autobiographies.

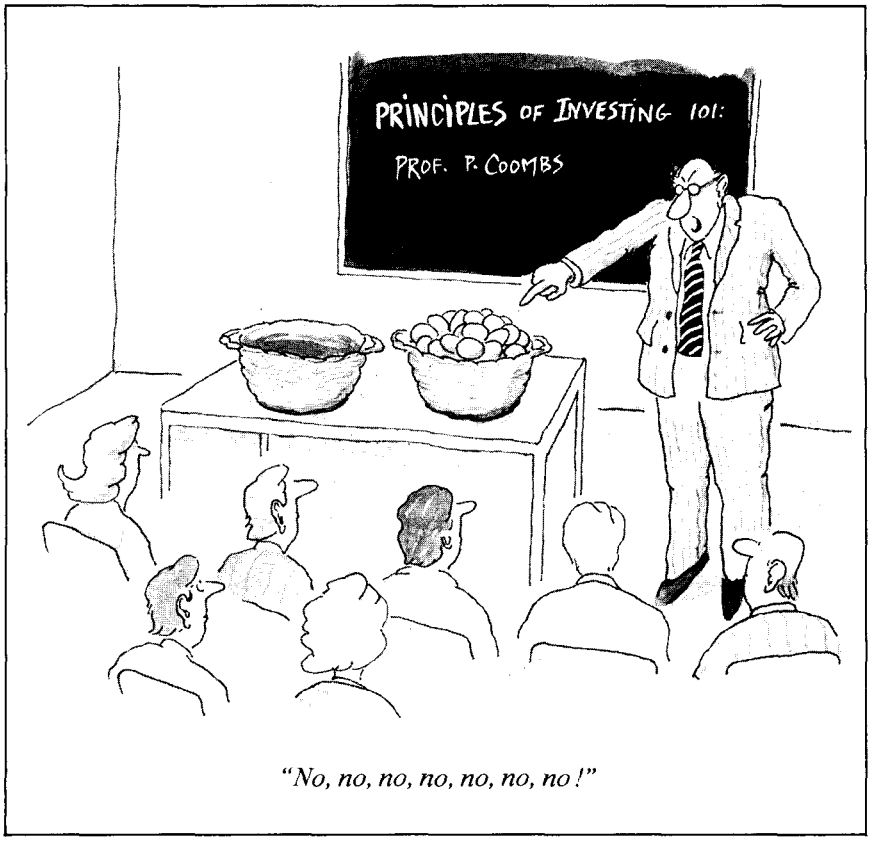
—MAX M. MINTZ

A Little Original Sin
by Millicent Dillon
Holt, Rinehart and Winston
480 pp. $18.95

JANE BOWLES, the subject of this biography, was the author of eccentric fictional works. Her odd, meticulous prose pecks with confidence at human pretensions. But her small output is perhaps most memorable because of her flamboyance. She was married to the composer and writer Paul Bowles. Their union, sustained over several continents and despite permuting sexual preferences, set an impossible standard in mutual accommodation. With friends ranging from talented poets to catatonic fetishists in New York, Paris, and Tangier, it is certain that superb gossip regularly flitted across the Bowleses' kitchen table.

Unfortunately, Dillon has chosen to tell Jane Bowles's story by relying upon the inconsistent reminiscences of acquaintances. Was Jane a genius, hopelessly blocked in her writing? Or was she, as Alice B. Toklas finally concluded, a bit of a dunce? Without any guidance into Jane's attachments to Paul and to her women lovers, one wonders whether she was immensely sensual or pitiably desperate. Fragmented and confusing, this portrait does not depict a writer's life; nor does it evoke the energy and magic that often flourish beneath craziness.

—PHYLLIS BIRNBAUM



"No, no, no, no, no, no, no!"

All the Stars in Heaven
by Gary Carey
E.P. Dutton, 320 pp., $18.50

ALL THE STARS IN HEAVEN is subtitled "The Story of Louis B. Mayer's M-G-M," and the book is as much a corporate business story as a biography—precisely what Mayer himself would have wanted. Never much of an artist or innovator, Mayer nonetheless was a clever corporate negotiator, a good forecaster of audience taste, and a supreme manipulator of temperamental actors. Gary Carey's book recounts Mayer's climb from early bankruptcy at marine salvaging, through ticket-taking at a nickelodeon, to film exhibitor, distributor, and ultimately producer. By 1937, Mayer had reached the top: He was the highest paid executive ($1.2 million) in America.

Inevitably, there are inside stories about M-G-M: the creation of Garbo's public image; Lionel Barrymore's opium addiction; Charles Bickford's pro-union, anti-studio behavior. But Carey minimizes star chatter and often

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debunks gossip. He considers Mayer's maneuvering to thwart a takeover by Fox Studios as important as Mayer's discovery of Greer Garson.

Little of what Carey reports is entirely new, and his prose goes Hollywood from time to time (sometimes appropriately: "[Norma] Shearer's performance [in *Marie Antoinette*] is a ripe example of Hollywood acting at its dippiest"). But his assessment of Mayer's formidable business strengths and occasional judgmental lapses is well-balanced and convincing. This is as level-headed a tinsel-town bio as we're likely to see.

—HENRY WEIL

The Tigress Expedition
by Thor Heyerdahl
Doubleday, 347 pp., $17.95

THE ORIGINS of the ancient Sumerians lay shrouded in mystery. How did these people come to settle in the Tigris and Euphrates river valleys? How did they achieve a level of civilization that tempts one to believe they may have dropped in from outer space? Archaeologists have long known that the Sumerians arrived by sea and that their culture was built on a vast and flourishing maritime trade. Unfortunately, their ships have vanished and our knowledge of Sumerian sailing practice has been almost a complete blank.

Enter Thor Heyerdahl. In 1977 the noted Norwegian explorer journeyed to southern Iraq to construct the *Tigris*, a 60-foot-long ship made of berdi reeds. He intended to test the buoyancy of the reed and then, if possible, trace the itineraries recorded in old Sumerian tablets with their references to Dilmun, Makan, Meluhha, and other forgotten lands.

The Tigris Expedition is an account of the ensuing remarkable five-month, 4,200-mile voyage through time. The *Tigris* manages not only to stay afloat but to visit Dilmun (Bahrain), Makan (Oman), and Meluhha (Pakistan). Each landfall brings evidence pointing

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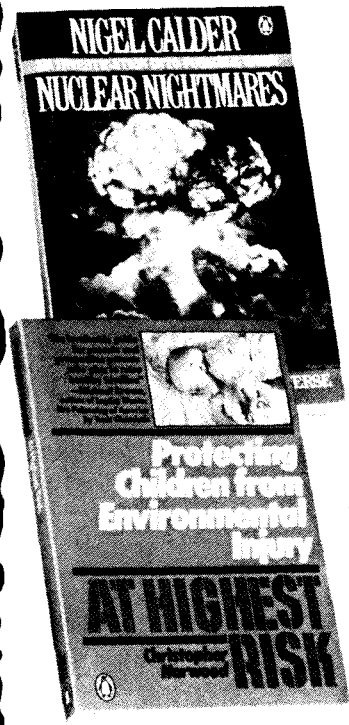

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to extensive cultural exchange among the Egyptian, Sumerian, and Indus River civilizations. At a different level the story may be read as pure sea-going adventure. As they struggle to avoid reefs, pirates, and supertankers, Heyerdahl's "Sumerians" sometimes wonder if the expedition is worth the trouble. It is. A must for all armchair mariners.

—JOHN S. PETERSON

Asking for Trouble
by Donald Woods
Atheneum, 384 pp. $12.95

DONALD WOODS, former editor of one of South Africa's leading liberal newspapers, gained international prominence a few years ago when he fled from his country under the noses of the police. With him went his family and the secret manuscript of his book *Biko*, an emotional account of the South African security police's alleged murder of Steven Biko, Woods's close friend and the leader of the opposition Black Consciousness movement.

Woods's autobiography tells the story of his life up to his cathartic escape. He chronicles his boyhood on a tribal reservation, his rise to prominence in journalism, and his increasing confrontations with the governing National party over apartheid. As a result of his agitations, Woods was "banned" in 1977. He was forbidden to publish and to speak in public, even to talk to, or be in the same room with, more than one person at a time. His family was tormented by security police, who, among other pranks, mailed a T-shirt sprayed with powdered acid to his young daughter.

Woods also recounts his growing political consciousness: He is an Alan Paton or Nadine Gordimer character come to life. Neither oversimplifying nor overdramatizing, he can summon the beauty of South Africa as readily as he can describe its searing political problems. Yet Woods is a gifted reporter, not a soapbox ideologue. He lets South Africa speak, or rather cry, for itself.

—SUSAN K. REED

Friends From the Forest
by Joy Adamson
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
96 pp., $9.95

BEGINNING WITH *Born Free* and continuing with her tales of rearing various African animals in captivity before releasing them into the wild, Adamson won a wide circle of readers. People were drawn to her books not so much for the literary experience but because they enjoyed seeing nature through her eyes.

Perhaps it is a fitting tribute to her status as a beloved storyteller that, in the wake of her murder in the African bush last year, even the fragmentary writings she left behind have been deemed worthy of publication. Some of Adamson's fans will probably be charmed anew by her accounts of the Colobus monkeys and Verreaux's eagle owls that were her companions on her African estate. But the two unrelated sketches read like diary entries or hasty jottings intended for later reworking. Unconnected thoughts and awkward phrasings abound.

Stylistic qualms aside, this is a good, old-fashioned natural history, based purely on personal observation. Adamson's sympathy with all manner of beasts makes for good stories. And her unabashed anthropomorphism adds charm to her anecdotes, although it leaves the more scientifically oriented reader a bit wary. Pretty thin stuff, even for the devoted. —PHILLIP JOHNSON

"Everything was just right."

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Thomas H. Middleton

Poking Around

I think it is a safe bet that I am the only person left on earth who can still recite all of Robert W. Service's *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*. This ability is little appreciated. Hardly anyone ever says, "Come on, Tom! Recite *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*!" Change that "hardly anyone" to "no one."

I frequently do the whole thing silently, though, while jogging or walking or riding my bicycle. The first line, "A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Malamute Saloon," is such a rouser that it often just pops into my head at such active but relatively mindless moments, and I carry on from there: "The kid that handled the music-box was hitting a jag-time tune," and without giving it much thought, I find that I've gone through to the end.

As you might expect, having the unusual ability to recite this old, scarcely remembered poem and keeping it all to myself can be frustrating, so once in a great while I inflict it upon people. It isn't easy to find an opportune moment, but if I keep my eyes and ears sharp, every few years I can work it in. Not long ago, I did the whole thing for a group of mostly young adults. The last line, you may remember, goes: "The woman who kissed him, and pinched his poke, was the lady that's known as Lou." One of the young women asked if that wasn't a rather off-color line for a poem of its period. She mustn't have been entirely attentive during the whole of the poem, because the stranger's poke is mentioned twice before: "He tilted his poke of dust on the bar" and "I'm here to state, and my words are straight, and I'll bet my poke they're true."

In my youth, a young lady who had asked that question would, on having *poke* explained to her, have been covered with confusion, I think.

On second thought, I doubt that any young lady of that time would have asked the question. She would have assumed that no older gentleman would recite to her a poem with an off-color last line.

I'm pleased to report that, although the young woman who *did* raise the question was in no way covered with confusion, she nevertheless blushed winsomely.

A poke, of course, is a small bag. *OED* says: "A bag; a small sack: applied to a bag of any material or description, but usually smaller than a *sack*."

She blushed to learn that "pinched his poke" isn't off-color.

Pokes, as small bags, are seldom mentioned any more, except in the expression "a pig in a poke." To buy a pig in a poke was considered unwise, because you might find on opening the poke that you had purchased an alley cat or some other creature less valuable than a pig.

Thanks to the young lady's misunderstanding, I did a bit of research into *poke*. It is an interesting word. According to Mencken, *poke* is, or was as late as the Forties, criminal slang for *wallet*, and an empty wallet was a *cold poke*. Mencken says, "A wallet is a *poke*, *leather*, or *okus*." Then he has a footnote that carries us back to the days of the pulp magazines: "In 'Along the Main Stem,' *True Detective*, March 1942...a writer signing himself The Fly Kid suggested that *okus* (or *hokus*) may have issued from *poke* by way of *hocus-pocus*."

We law-abiding citizens may not use *poke* very often, but we use several words that are its close relatives. *Pocket* is obvious. *Pouch* is less obvious, but since *pouch*, *pocket*, and *poke* are all related to the French *poche*, we can easily see the family resemblance.

Poach, too in both senses—poaching game and poaching eggs—is related to *poke*. Poaching game is bagging game (putting it into the poke), but it is also tied to the Old French *pocher* or *poquer*, and thus to the English verb *poke*. *Pocher* and *poach* mean not only to bag game illegally, but to trespass or encroach—to poke in where you don't belong. Just like the husband who poaches on his wife's territory on the tennis court.

The *poach* in *poached egg* also comes from the French *pocher*. *OED* says, "*Pocher*, in this sense, is usually explained as referring to the enclosure of the yolk in the white as in a bag." At first, that struck me as farfetched—a bit of folk etymology—but I thought of the last time I actually poached an egg, fiddling with the spoon, trying to enclose the yolk in the white, and it isn't farfetched at all. It really is a matter of building a pocket of white around the yellow.

It occurs to me that, if Service were writing today, the last line of *Dan McGrew* would go, "The woman who kissed him, and ripped him off, was the lady that's known as Lou," and I wouldn't have delved into all this, and it certainly wouldn't have occurred to me that a "poke of dust on the bar" had any etymological relationship at all to a poached egg. ■

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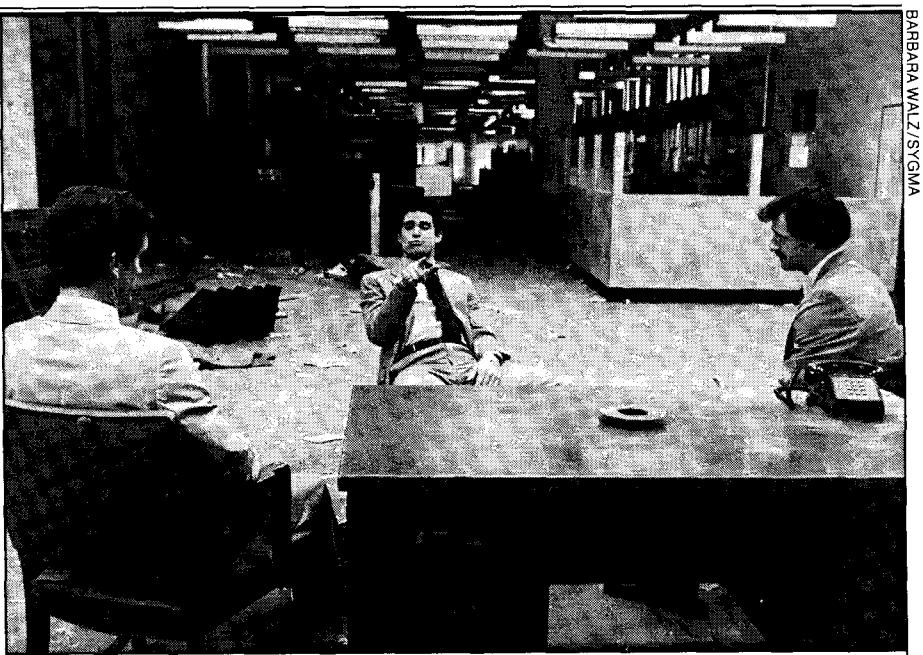
FILM

Judith Crist

A Masterful Lumet



BARBARA WALZ/SYGMA

In *Prince of the City*, Daniel Ciello (Treat Williams, center) finally agrees to cooperate with the Knapp Commission's investigation of his fellow police officers.

This has been the summer of our popcorn contentment, with the movie-loving delights of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, the cartoon pleasure of *Superman II*, the glittering cynicisms of *S. O. B.*, the eye-popping magic acts of *Dragonslayer*. And now there is something of substance at hand.

Sidney Lumet's **Prince of the City**, based on Robert Daley's 1978 book, is a police story and very much more. It is the story of the detective, a member of the NYPD's Special Investigating Unit—those "princes of the city" who worked virtually unsupervised on narcotics cases—who was called before the Knapp Commission investigating police corruption in 1971 and decided to go undercover. As a result of his work and his testimony, 52 out of 70 SIU men were indicted, two committed suicide, and one went mad.

This is not, however, a near-reprise of Lumet's 1973 *Serpico*, the fact-based story of a righteous cop who dedicated himself to fighting departmental corruption. This time there is at hand a character of enormous complexity, whose motives were varied, never surface-plain. For Daley, Detective Bob Leuci's story was "almost biblical." "Like Samson, he first did penance and then he pulled the temple down." For Lumet, Leuci "fell into a classic trap. He knowingly tangled with powerful forces believing he could manipulate and control them. The results were catastrophic." The story is, in effect, of a man who thinks he is "gonna call the shots," but finds that circumstances control him; of a man who seeks purgation—or absolution, who wants to be a "good" guy and cannot define the term. And finally it is the story of loyalty, of a man determined to protect his partners—but who becomes their nemesis.

It is a multifaceted story and Lumet, collaborating on the screenplay by Jay Presson Allen (the brilliant playwright-turned-screenwriter whose film credits include *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, *Funny Lady*, *Cabaret*, Lumet's *Just Tell Me What You Want*, and, for television, *Family*), tells it in fascinating detail in the film that lasts just 13 minutes under three hours. Only the names have been changed; the more than 100 locations in New York City and a remarkable feat of casting, with few familiar faces, give an underlining of truth to the painstaking account of how SIU detectives operated, of undercover work among cops and narcotics dealers and—perhaps the most intriguing phase of the film—the various federal and local prosecutors involved in the criminal-justice aspect of the story.

Above all, there is Treat Williams, who delighted us as the high-voiced private eye in *The Ritz* and whom Lumet discovered as Berger, the hippie, in *Hair*. As Daniel Ciello, Williams gives a remarkable portrayal of a confident young detective, the "black sheep" in his Mafia-connected family because he became a cop; a Catholic and a devoted family man, compassionate, trigger-tempered. His transition from self-assured manipulator and performer—"Nobody I care about is gonna get hurt....It's a game, I love it"—to conscience-riddled spy and finally a neurotic victim of an inexorable judicial process is filled with suggestion, contradiction, and ambiguity. The final assessment is ours. And that, of course, is the reward and richness of the Lumet-Allen collaboration: For once there is no easy answer.

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The supporting cast is remarkably good, with Jerry Orbach, Richard Foronjy, Don Billett, and Kenny Marino outstanding as Ciello's partners; Norman Parker, Paul Roebling, and Steve Inwood noteworthy among the prosecutors; Lindsay Crouse both appealing and credible as Ciello's wife. The actors are part of the dense city fabric of Lumet's tapestry, which is given a stunning interweaving of grit and truth. But then again, as *Bye Bye Braverman*, *Serpico*, *Dog Day Afternoon*, and *Network* indicated, Lumet knows New York and its classes as few filmmakers do and finds the universals therein. The result in this newest exploration is memorable drama.

John Carpenter, the young filmmaker whose reputation rests on his having made *Halloween* for $300,000, then grossing $18.5 million therewith, used bits and pieces of St. Louis, Los Angeles, and Atlanta, along with miniatures and some actual shooting at the Statue of Liberty for his third film, **Escape From New York**. Carpenter and his screenplay collaborator, Nick Castle, have come up with an interesting starting point: In 1997 crime has reached a point in this country where Manhattan Island has been turned into a high-walled federal maximum security penitentiary; in it the prisoners are left to their own devices, without guards, but the waters around the island are mined, as are the bridges, while security is maintained from Liberty Island.

Given the situation, Carpenter's invention has turned to idiocy: The presidential plane, taken over by terrorists, crashes on Manhattan, the President surviving in a special safety capsule. The prisoners plan to use him as a hostage to buy their freedom. What does top security do? The police commissioner, Lee Van Cleef (an impressive figure in all those spaghetti westerns of the Sixties), takes a good-guy, one-eyed, top criminal, Kurt Russell (*Used Cars* was his last film vehicle) and sends him in to bring out the President: It must be done in 22 hours because the President has with him a tape on which rests "the survival of the human race" and, besides, Russell's been injected with something that will explode him unless he's given an antidote in 22 hours.

Well, no one really expects much sense out of these juvenile action-adventure exploitations. But for $7 million, one would hope for an imaginative rendition of a 1997 Manhattan as something more than a pigsty, without the St. Louis Union Train Station pretending to be Madison Square Garden and its Chain of Rocks Bridge a fictitious 69th Street Bridge. At least Ernest Borgnine shows up, immutable as ever, driving a Yellow Cab.

Since the action takes place primarily at night, it's all as murky as Carpenter's morality. The hero, you see, is admirable because he's a decorated Vietnam veteran who attempted only to rob a Federal Reserve Bank—and he becomes a true-blue hero by destroying the President's tape at fadeout time. To complete this old-hat kid-rebel point of view, there are only two women in the federal pen—and one is wiped out immediately, the other at crash-bang finale time.

But even filmmakers with a cultural cachet can come a cropper. Frederic Raphael, certainly a top-ranking writer, with *Darling* and *Two for the Road* among his screenplays and *The Glittering Prizes* his great gift to television, has adapted his own novel, **Richard's Things**, for the screen. Anthony Harvey, with *The Lion in Winter* and *The Abdication* among his credits, has directed it and Liv Ullmann portrays the protagonist, a woman who discovers, following her husband's sudden illness and death during a business trip, that his "things" included a mistress.

Ullmann is wonderfully subtle in the opening stages of the film, revealing the loving wife whose world is suddenly out of kilter, who goes in search of the unknown partner to her marriage, catering all the time to the rituals of family and class in her surface relationships. It is when she encounters the young woman and has a brief love affair with her that the film goes off-key. There's a hardness about Amanda Redman, who portrays the mistress, a suggestion that she is exploiting the older woman, indulging in a purely sensual experience, that undercuts the credibility of Ullmann's reaction. We wind up with little more than a variation on the *Sunday Bloody Sunday* theme—without the vitality, humanity, and emotional commitment of the earlier work. ■

In *Escape From New York*, Kurt Russell, as convict Snake Plissken, is brought out of prison to rescue the President of the United States, who is being held hostage.

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THEATER

Stanley Kauffmann

New Wave in Old Britain

Cloud 9 is the first play by the English writer Caryl Churchill to be produced in the U.S., and flawed though it is, it adds to our understanding of why some current British playwrights, a lot of them under 45, are among the most important in the world today. Their importance is not just for their work but for the confidence they restore in the act and art of playwriting, a confidence that not many American playwrights inspire.

Anger has prevailed in most good British playwriting since the phrase Angry Young Man was launched in 1956, but these latter-day writers are not knotted up in bilious personal frustrations, like John Osborne; they wrestle with the largest possible questions of society and politics and spirit. Very often these radical probings of subject matter are expressed in radically untraditional dramatic structure. Churchill's play is a strong example.

Cloud 9 is in two acts, widely separated in time and place. Act One, set in an unspecified colony in Africa in 1880, deals with the British colonials: Daddy, who is the governor, Mummy, their nine-year-old son Edward, their two-year-old daughter Vicky, Mummy's mother, their nanny, their loyal black servant, and two other English people, a lone explorer and an attractive widow neighbor. The first act is Somerset Maugham savaged three ways. First, conventional pukka/Victorian attitudes are stretched to ludicrous extremes. In the opening, which is written in rhyme, Daddy says: "I am a father to the natives here/And father to my family so dear." Mummy says: "I am a man's creation as you see/And what men want is what I want to be." The servant adds: "What white men want is what I want to be."

These domestic-political attitudes are laid out in a kind of music-hall presentation, with some music. Then—the second attack—these attitudes are stripped to the truths under them in a style that's like a series of sketches. We see that: Daddy is bedding the widow; Mummy is chasing the loner; the loner has already had little Edward who loved it and wants more, but meanwhile the loner is meeting the black servant in the barn; the nanny lusts for Mummy but is forced by Daddy into marriage with the loner in order to coat two problems with respectability. Meanwhile, a native uprising is squashed bloodily offstage, and the act ends with the servant raising a gun to shoot Daddy in the back. Little Edward, who loathes Daddy, sees the gun raised and says nothing; he merely covers his ears with his hands.

Act One is Somerset Maugham savaged in the style of Jean Genet.

The third attack is in the casting. Mummy is played by a man, the black servant by a white man blacked up, the boy by a young woman, the little girl by a dummy, the nanny and the widow by one woman. This technique, reminiscent of Jean Genet, further barbecues the platitudes and fakeries by blatantly impersonating the characters rather than acting them seriously.

A bit of condensation would have helped Act One; we fairly soon get the idea that petticoats are being overflounced so that the satire will be sharper when they are flipped up. But Act One is retrospectively reinforced by Act Two, set in London 1980. A number of places are called for in the published script; Lawrence Miller's unit setting—a few rows of park benches on a raked stage—encompasses them all imaginatively and makes a good seedy contrast to the vaudeville-drop feeling of Act One. Though Act Two is a century later, Churchill says that "for the characters it is only 25 years later." This device allows the calendar to jump ahead drastically while allowing characters *and* actors to connect with the past. For instance, Jeffrey Jones, who has been airily funny as Daddy in Act One urging his young Edward to be manly, now plays a 34-year-old Edward who is gay. Veronica Castang, one of the most satisfyingly versatile actresses in our theater, who was Daddy's prim and frustrated mother-in-law, is now a young London lesbian divorcée.

Act Two begins with a monologue by another gay (played by Zeljko Ivanek, who was Mummy in Act One), in which he details a homosexual pickup and act in a train compartment during a six-minute trip. What's especially significant about the monologue is its tone, its assumption of our understanding, as if he were telling us about finishing the *Times* crossword in six minutes. This gay, like every other character in Act Two, is acted, not cartooned. Everything has moved closer to reality.

The story winds through sexual weavings and unweavings of some modern Londoners, including Edward, his sister, her husband, the gay man, the gay woman. One particularly poignant monologue comes from Edward's mother, an elderly widow called Betty (which was Mummy's name in Act One), telling us how lovely she finds

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PETER CUNNINGHAM

In the off-Broadway production of *Cloud 9*, American actors prove they deserve better American playwrights: They give us small-stroke acting built on deep feeling. From left: Zeljko Ivanek, Veronica Castang, Nicholas Surovy, and E. Katherine Kerr.

solitary sex after a life of conjugal sexual numbness. One intrusive sequence brings in the ghost of the lesbian's brother, a British soldier just killed in Belfast, who tells us that what he chiefly misses is sex; his appearance seems engineered. And there a few revenant appearances by characters from Act One to do underscoring that is superfluous.

The two acts, each of which could almost stand alone, combine into a comedy-drama about the beginnings of escape from past cruelties into present quandaries. Men and women are at least attaining a sense of what liberation can be (says Churchill). Sexual freedoms grow, not only in practice but in acceptance; political oppressions have a harder time posing as unassailable truths. And all this change leaves Britain where? (Not just Britain, or the play would not bite us as it does.) Is that what all the struggle and upheaval have been about, just so that people can screw whom they like more freely? Is liberation nothing but an emptiness to be filled with uninhibited sexual activity?

Only in this society, Churchill hints in Act One and says candidly in Act Two. What's needed is a new society in which freedom is not a vacuum to be filled with gonad satisfaction.

This political base links Churchill with her playwriting "group," who otherwise vary widely in temperament and art. Some of the outstanding names, few of them well-known in this country, are Howard Brenton, David Hare, Edward Bond, Barrie Keeffe, and Bill Morrison. (Pam Gems is also a "member" but in my view a lesser one on the basis of *Piaf* and an earlier play seen here.) Besides their true talents, they share anger. Auden wrote of Yeats: "Mad Ireland hurt you into poetry," then went on to say that Ireland hasn't changed because "poetry makes nothing happen." Mad Britain has hurt these writers into drama, which they hope *will* make things happen—they are all in some degree Marxist—but in any event they have all written some good plays. It's no more necessary to be Marxist to appreciate them than it is to be Catholic in order to value Bernanos and Mauriac. What is relevant is that these dramatists' rootedness in a culture, a culture that infuriates them, has moved them to levels of playwriting that almost no contemporary U.S. playwrights can approach. That's not an argument for Marxism; it's a truth about these particular talented Marxists.

In the current production at the off-Broadway Theatre de Lys, American actors show again that they deserve better American playwrights. Especially notable besides Jones and Castang are Concetta Tomei as the boy Edward and the grown Edward's sister, and E. Katherine Kerr as the nanny and the saucy widow in Act One, the middle-aged widow in Act Two. They give us small-stroke acting built on deep feeling. The director, Tommy Tune, has a fitting name for a dancer and a director of musicals, which is how he started; we're just going to have to get used to it as the name of a dextrous and sensitive director of plays. ■

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DANCE

Walter Terry

Major "Minors"

There is a tendency among balletomanes (and critics too) to assume that major new works will be produced and trend-settings made by the world's "super" ballet troupes. If America's two most famous companies, the New York City Ballet and the American Ballet Theatre, are performing side-by-side at Lincoln Center, is there any reason to go to Houston, Texas? If a comparatively small group of dancers comes to Broadway from Australia, should one attend its performances with the same degree of anticipation as for royal and national companies from London and Copenhagen, Moscow and Leningrad? The answer is a resounding "Yes!"

The 12-year-old **Houston Ballet** surprised and enchanted New York audiences when it made its debut there earlier this year at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on the distinguished *Ballet America* series. The hit was the full-length *Papillon,* a romantic fairytale comedy rechoreographed in 1979 by Ronald Hynd and based upon the 1860 ballet by Marie Taglioni (the supreme romantic ballerina of earlier decades) to music of Jacques Offenbach. Such was the smashing success of Houston's *Papillon* that Harvey Lichtenstein, director of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, has invited the Houston Ballet to play a solid week of *Papillon* at BAM next March. And following Brooklyn, the magical butterflies of this ballet are scheduled to fly to Paris when the Houston Ballet departs for a European tour.

Last June at their home theater, Jones Hall, the Houstonians topped their *Papillon* success with a new full-length ballet, *Peer Gynt*, with book by Henrik Ibsen (who didn't know he was writing a ballet when he embarked upon his play more than a century ago) and music by another great Norwegian, Edvard Grieg. *Peer Gynt* is, obviously, far more substantial stuff than *Papillon*, as it traces the life of a charming ne'er-do-well, following him from lusty youth through near-madness, to retribution and forgiveness.

Choreography is by Ben Stevenson, artistic director of the Houston Ballet, who also prepared the book for the ballet. John Lanchbery, whose arranging credits include *Papillon*, Sir Frederick Ashton's *La Fille Mal Gardée*, and the movie *The Turning Point*, has created the *Peer Gynt* score from Grieg's two suites composed as incidental music for the play and other pieces by the composer. The glorious sets by Peter Farmer—of woodland cottages, a wedding scene, an insane asylum, pyramids along the Nile, a storm at sea, and forest paths (and the costumes for both humans and trolls)—and the lighting by John B. Read are further pluses.

Houston? Sydney? Purveyors of high-grade ballet? You bet!

Stevenson, mirroring today's trend toward dramatic ballets, has done a seamless job of weaving the arts of the actor and the dancer together in *Peer Gynt*. There is a delicious duet for the boy Peer and his mother, Aase, as he teases her, exasperates her, and embraces her, promising her a crown she knows she'll never own. A pas de deux with another man's bride whom Peer has abducted vibrates with testiness, outright anger, and harsh rejection. Wild sexuality characterizes his dance with a troll princess, and mature desire, his attempted seduction of Anitra. Tenderness suffuses his dancing with Solveig—from the romantic urgency of their youthful meetings to the sweet and soothing touches of old age.

Peer Gynt produces its moments of dark mystery in the Hall of the Mountain King (to the appropriate Grieg music!) and terror when Peer is presented with his monster, half-troll child by the king's daughter. At the wedding there is a fabulously acrobatic dance (split jumps, double air-turns, dizzying spins) by three lads on a banquet table, and there is a spine-tingling solo of physical virtuosity and emotional poignancy by a madwoman. As for Anitra and her Arab bodyguards, she gives us a pseudo-Oriental equivalent of, say, Princess Aurora's Rose Adagio in *The Sleeping Beauty*.

But most important of all is that the Houston Ballet's *Peer Gynt*, lavishly staged and superbly danced, represents a splendid example of the kind of ballet that prevailed at ballet's beginnings and that is returning in force today. In such ballets, the story is of prime concern—an aesthetic that contrasts sharply with Balanchine's complete dismissal of plot in favor of musically inspired abstract movement. *Peer Gynt* will be seen again in September when the Houston Ballet tours Texas, in October when the troupe travels along the West Coast and, if plans materialize, throughout Scandinavia in 1983.

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Advance advertising for the **Sydney Dance Company** from Australia promised Cupid on a skateboard and 10 ballets to be shown in New York, at the Spoleto Festival U.S.A. in Charleston, S.C., and at the Wolf Trap festival near Washington, D.C. In Graeme Murphy's part punk-rock version of Maurice Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe*, Cupid (impersonated by Kim Walker) did indeed arrive in near-nude, callipygian splendor crouched on his skateboard. He and all the other handsome young Australian men and women in the company (directed by Murphy with the aid of his associate, Janet Vernon) are remarkably skillful and versatile performers. Excellent schooling in classical ballet is apparent in those ballets requiring multiple pirouettes, air-turns, and neat leg-beats. Similarly, modern-dance training provides their movements with both sweep and strength and, for a repertory that rarely eschews sensuality, admirable flexibility of arms, legs, shoulders, spines, and fronts (there is a pas de huit for French sailors nude except for their pomponned tams).

It would be easy to dismiss this company as, choreographically and scenically, a spinoff of Maurice Béjart and his stunning productions for Belgium's Ballet du XXième Siècle, or to say that Murphy is concerned primarily with shock tactics. True, he leans toward elaborate decor, exotic costuming, exposed bodies, and novelty of concepts, but the cerebral, the investigative, and the analytical are by no means absent. His full-length *Poppy*, based on the life, loves, and art of Jean Cocteau, is not only visually attractive and sometimes daring, but it is also a penetrating portrait of a unique artist—his torments, his addictions, his fantasies, and his encounters with Death.

From left: Tom Boyd, Andrea Vodehnal, and Ken McCombie in Houston's *Peer Gynt*.

In Barry Moreland's *Dialogues*, the viewer was captured by a double biography of two women imprisoned by Victorian dress, surroundings, and mores; their girlhood dreams of freedom, air, and light forever lost. In Murphy's *Sequenza VII* (a pas de trois to music of Luciano Berio), pure and richly imaginative design was coupled with striking virtuosity in a dance that delighted the eye with surprise patterns and made the onlooker's flesh tingle in response to what 19th-century critics were wont to refer to as "amazing exertions."

With his version of *Shéhérazade* (to the Ravel score, not to the one by Rimsky-Korsakov that Michel Fokine immortalized with various Ballets Russes), Murphy not only placed his choreography in an impressive pavilioned set (designed by Kristian Frederikson after the exotic art of Gustav Klimt) but also placed his audience in a direct line of wafting fragrances provided by Christian Dior. A touch of chichi? Well, perhaps. But there was nothing but young, primitive strength and spirit in Paul Saliba's solo, *One*. And although the punk-rock scene in *Daphnis and Chloe* was repetitious and became boring, and although one could fault a scene or two in *Poppy* and moments of scented lassitude in *Shéhérazade*, the Sydney Dance Company never reneged on Cupid's promise of bringing up from Down Under a new and lively style of theater. Houston? Sydney? Purveyers of high-grade ballet? You bet! And handsomely packaged too. ■

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ART

Carter Ratcliff

Gorky's Search

The New York School of Painting. The phrase is basic to our view of American culture, yet it was coined only about 35 years ago. Until the end of World War II, there had been a School of Paris and not much else. Paris was the center, the capital of modernism to which the aesthetic provinces exiled their most audacious citizens. Then, when Paris fell in 1940, there was a vacuum in the politics of culture. Munich, Dresden, Barcelona, Milan—all these and more had challenged School of Paris modernism at some point in the previous half-century, but of course none then had energy to spare for the effort. That New York, the new world's leading city, rose to cultural ascendancy after the war seems inevitable now. America was ascendant in every sphere outside the Soviet hegemony. Yet the fall of Paris was not enough to create the New York School. There had to be artists ready and able to create it—there had to be Willem de Kooning, Jackson Pollock, Barnett Newman, Mark Rothko. And, as a major retrospective traveling from New York's Guggenheim Museum to Dallas and Los Angeles makes clear, the contribution of **Arshile Gorky** was essential.

Gorky's Matisse-like self portrait, ca. 1928-31.

The appearance of the New York School looks sudden, a revolution. Of course it was something very different—the result of a complex, by now unrecoverable evolutionary process. Gorky's art is interesting because it gives a sense of that process, of that slow but nonetheless inspired development from old world to new, from Paris to New York. And Gorky's art is major because, at the end of his life (he died in 1948), he broke entirely free of Europe to a style, a landscape of feelings completely his own.

The terrain of his earliest memory was not European at all, but Near-Eastern. Arshile Gorky is the pseudonym of Vosdanik Adoian, born in the Turkish Armenian village of Khorkum in 1904. Turkey's persecution of its Armenian minority was constant and it steadily intensified. In 1920, Gorky and his sister emigrated to the United States, as a number of their relatives had already done. Their father had settled in Rhode Island. A step-sister lived in Massachusetts. Gorky found work, mostly in Massachusetts factories, where he annoyed his employers with his constant drawing.

It's standard in artists' biographies to claim that they drew pictures before they could talk, yet it seems to be nearly true in Gorky's case. From a very early age, he made pencil drawings and wood carvings. As soon as he was settled in Massachusetts, he began attending classes at Boston's New School of Design. In 1924, only 20 years old, his desire to be a painter drew him to New York where he made his home for the rest of his life. He tried a number of art schools there. Finding none satisfactory, he embarked on an astonishing process of self-education.

Over the next 15 years or so, Gorky would assimilate School of Paris modernism. He might have begun with the Impressionists, and there is an important clue to his development to be noted in the fact that he did not. The Impressionists are devoted to the luminous surface—a play of light that sometimes leaves rock as fluid as rippled water. Gorky's first master was a Post-Impressionist, Cézanne, whose heavy greens and grays seem to be working through the surface of objects to their structures. Cézanne is primarily a draftsman, a painter whose images are built from an architecture of line. Gorky learned that architecture by heart.

From the beginning, Gorky's strength was his ability to give linear clarity to form. He found his aesthetic freedom in the Forties, when those forms became, at last, his own, but as a young artist still in his twenties he had a long way to go. Gorky's immersion in the styles of his masters was so complete, his paintings seem almost recapitulations of their art. After Cézanne came Braque and Picasso, then the Surrealists—Miró, in particular. Léger, Matisse, even his fellow New Yorker Willem de Kooning were all important. The way was as difficult as it was long, as Gorky must have known when he chose his pseudonym. "Gorky," which he borrowed from the Russian writer, means bitter. Yet the

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young artist had an exalted sense of himself as well. "Arshile" is Russian for Achilles.

The startling thing about the "Cézannes" and "Picassos" Gorky painted in the Twenties and Thirties is how close in spirit they are to the originals. Neither copies nor stylistic exercises "in the manner of," they are evidence of a deep struggle to assimilate the authority of the past. Gorky was a modernist—his progress traces the development of abstract art—yet he was no Utopian, no devotee of a perfected future. He believed that the forms of art are timeless. The individual artist interprets those forms for his own time. Gorky achieved his maturity when his modernist self-education merged with his memories of childhood—a world of gardens, lakes, and traditional art—to produce a singular landscape. Surrealism was the catalyst.

Gorky first experimented with Surrealism in the mid-Thirties. The free-flowing, oddly organic forms of Miró and André Masson were especially important to him. Picasso himself was being influenced by Surrealism in those days, and his influence over Gorky persisted to the last years of the younger painter's life. The outbreak of World War II brought many of the Surrealist luminaries to exile in America. Gorky met them all—Max Ernst, Yves Tanguy, Masson, Matta Echaurren, and André Breton, the "pope" of Surrealism and author of its *Manifestos*. Contact with these artists shifted the nature of Surrealism's influence on Gorky's art. Previously he had assimilated *forms*. Now, with the masters at hand, he learned a new *method*—automatism, that device for letting hidden images emerge from the unconscious into the light of art.

By 1945, Gorky had achieved enough liberty—and distinctiveness—for Breton to enroll him in the ranks of the Surrealists. No other American artist was given that honor. None was able, in 1945, to match the spontaneous originality of Gorky's images.

His mature paintings teem with forms, clearly organic and just as clearly mutant. Like Miró and Masson before him, Gorky invented his own biology and granted it its own laws of evolution. These laws are complex—one doesn't decipher so much as intuit them, while the shapes in Gorky's paintings refine and elaborate their basic premises. These include a relentless sexuality (Breton wouldn't have been interested otherwise). Sometimes a Gorky canvas seems to depict life forms in the process of becoming all genitalia. Yet there are always suggestions of landscape, of a world unified by a remembered light.

"The Liver Is the Cock's Comb" (1944). Gorky's mature paintings teem with forms, clearly organic and just as clearly mutant. He invented his own biology and granted it his own laws of evolution.

The modernist masters, the Surrealists, memories of his childhood—in the last years of his life, Gorky reached beyond all of these to an originality matched only by a few other members of the New York School.

He achieved success in the Forties—aesthetic, not financial—yet his life was more difficult then than it had been during the harshest days of the Depression. In 1946, a studio fire destroyed many of his paintings. Later that year, he underwent an operation for cancer. Early in the summer of 1948, his painting arm was paralyzed in a car accident. His wife left him soon after, taking their two children. At the age of 44, Gorky hanged himself. The writhing, seething forms of his art convey his desperation, which he appears to have felt throughout his life of displacement and loss.

Yet there is more here, a struggle to find forms with the strength to occupy, to measure and thus master, that daunting infinity which so many modernists have faced—the fact of infinite possibility. Barnett Newman's infinities are luminous, while Mark Rothko's sense of painting's open-endedness was, as he said, "tragic." Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning take still other stances toward their art—and thus toward life. What joins them all together as founding members of the New York School is their willingness to admit that there is an infinite, and a potentially terrifying one, to be faced by the artist of our times. Understandably, few Europeans were up to the project in the wake of World War II. Only in the new world was there strength to continue the modernist experiment. And a crucial portion of that strength is to be seen in the life force that animates Arshile Gorky's art. ■

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RECORDS

Stephen Wadsworth

A Perfect "Parsifal"

In the last few years the Berlin Philharmonic, under Herbert Von Karajan, has become a monster of technical perfection. These formidable instrumentalists are wildly indulged by their Svengali maestro with the result that their virtuosity is often obtrusive, as on their wrongly smooth *Tosca* and dreary, Mercedes-Benz *Magic Flute*, two recent lemons from Deutsche Grammophon. But on their new recording of Wagner's **Parsifal** (5-Deutsche Grammophon, digital 2741002, $54.90, cassette 3382002) Karajan, a symphonist first and foremost, is in his element, and he fastidiously structures preludes, acts, and ultimately this whole symphonic opera without forsaking its humanism—whether big issues or little gestures—or indulging either himself or his orchestra unduly.

It is a relief to have such a natural, flowing opera recording from Karajan. His *Parsifal* has all the dramatic weight of Hans Knappertsbusch's two Bayreuth recordings of the work with none of their self-absorbed Wagnerianism. It moves inexorably forward but without the occasionally frantic drive of the Georg Solti version. I like the glassy, cool-stream textures of Pierre Boulez's Bayreuth set, but Karajan's equally delicate reading is deepened by a tenderness Boulez habitually plays against.

In fact, the most engaging feature of this *Parsifal* is its cultivation of frailty. Most of the singers eschew heroics for Lieder-singer intimacy, creating complex private dramas with hushed, warmly diffused tone. And Karajan, also profoundly introspective and searching at key moments, is awesomely articulate when rising lines—of faith and hope—suddenly, nightmarishly, stop rising and turn to fall despairingly. The essence of Wagner is somehow expressed in this paradox of simultaneous rise and fall.

As Amfortas, José Van Dam does some of the most consistently beautiful singing I have heard on record. He has a soft-grained, cello-like bass-baritone, and a way with the words. He is infinitely human as a character; his one tortured high G makes him human as a singer. Kurt Moll is hardly less good as Gurnemanz. His limitless black bass has the flexibility of a lyric baritone. With seamless bel canto line and perfect diction, he makes the Act I monologue—which can be one of opera's great snores—positively entertaining.

Dunja Vejzovic is not a major vocalist, but she turns in a major performance, never selling discount craziness as the woman who laughed at Christ on the cross. Her *Wahnsinn* is the real thing, and her moans and shrieks are truly pitiable rather than grotesque. This Kundry works hard for her salvation. The voice runs a little wild (this is entirely appropriate, really), but it is an unusual, haunting, sopranoish mezzo, tellingly inflected. Tenor Peter Hofmann is a better-looking than sounding Parsifal. The voice, bullied about a bit, is not capable of the softening effects the others achieve; nor does Hofmann seem as perceptive a singer as his colleagues. But he does seem a convincingly sincere and foolish innocent, which is what Parsifal is supposed to be. The Flowermaidens are a distinctive bunch led by Barbara Hendricks, who has a ravishing high soprano but gummy diction. The depth of casting is typical of Karajan and fully justified.

It is hard to say where the Berlin Philharmonic plays best. Certainly the winds are extraordinarily mellifluous—the choir supporting Parsifal's apostrophe to the magic of Good Friday I listened to over and over again, astonished. The violins, too, can sound like one sweet-toned virtuoso, although—and this is nice for a change—they aren't perfect. In at least two crucial spots the strings are quite *un*together. The DG engineers also seem to be cultivating frailty. Surfaces on a review copy are noisy, and there is some noticeable splicing, but these are humanizing flaws. DG, like the Berlin Philharmonic, is often bloodlessly *korrekt*.

The digital process seems to increase the possibilities of this orchestra in this opera. It might well be that digital captures the sonic properties of voices more faithfully than the old analog process. Here the singers and players sound remarkably natural, the blends remarkably spacious—it's not that opaque canned sound on opera recordings of the Sixties and Seventies. Describing the realm of the Holy Grail to Parsifal, Gurnemanz says, *"Zum Raum wird hier die Zeit"* (Here time becomes space). For all its technical and interpretive glories—and the fraught limbo of spirituality it inhabits—Gurnemanz could have been talking about this performance, the first indisputably great opera recording in some time. ■

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Irving Kolodin

East-West Connections

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Ravi Shankar playing the sitar, with Zubin Mehta and the New York Philharmonic.

Fifty years of public prominence for **Ravi Shankar**, great master of India's sitar music, came into focus during two New York concerts recently at Avery Fisher and Carnegie halls. That Shankar is inimitable in his art today is beyond contention. What is remarkable is that, though he is only 61 years old, he first performed in the United States 50 years ago!

His American debut took place in the New Yorker Theater on Manhattan's West 54th Street (an auditorium that eventually became the notorious disco, Studio 54). The 1931-32 season saw the first U.S. tour of the extraordinary Uday Shankar. A true prince of India's choreographic culture, Uday danced, with universal acclaim, to a background of ragas performed with equal art by a group of associates.

Performances by the adult members of this troupe were complemented by remarkably graphic character creations, especially of a serpent, by a tot identified as Uday's young brother, Rabrindra. Convert that name (out of Bengali) into Ravrinda, condense it by a few letters, and out comes Ravi—which means "sun."

In those days, the world of music journalism also encompassed the dance, and as a beginner I was assigned to cover an evening performance. The memories are as fresh today as they then were new. The great Uday died in his late sixties, more than a decade ago. But the name of Shankar vibrates now even more vividly, as the world has come to appreciate Ravi's ability to convert a highly private musical impulse into a pulsating, self-sufficient public experience. As he grew older, Ravi Shankar drifted out of dancing into mastery of the sitar under guru Allauddin Khan. Yet he preserves something of his past in a flicker of a toe that protrudes from his customary posture seated on the floor, matching the rhythmic pulse of the music he produces.

In his appearances at Carnegie Hall, Shankar announced that the first raga would be Allauddin Khan's masterful *Hemant* one of the six yearly seasons—fall—into which weather changes are divided in India. Shankar's associate on tabla, making his Carnegie Hall debut, was Zakir Hussain, son of the great, long-famous tabla virtuoso, Alla Rakha.

Out of the traditionally slowish beginning, Shankar built the raga into a faster exercise in stops and starts, inputs and outlines. Through Shankar's finger fluency, the tall, good-looking young partner was alerted to a veritable Civil Service examination in percussive bursts and coloristic tappings that proved his hands worthy of the family name. After the razzle and the dazzle of it all exploded into a complex of cross-rhythms that brought thunderous applause, Shankar reached over and rubbed his hands approvingly through the young man's tousled hair in a way that said "Welcome to the club."

This, however, was not all that was indoctrinational about the evening. Following the intermission, Shankar was joined, at stage center, by two tabla players, in a duet of *Jhaptal* (based on a beat of 2-3, 2-3). Here Shankar set the

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sitar aside to offer a hand-clapping, rhythmic incitations for Alla Rakha himself, at audience left, and Rakha's son, at audience right. Subtleties and brazen by-play shivered in the air from side to side, often interrupted by Shankar's vocal excitations, sending the audience into new transports of delight.

This recital followed four performances at Avery Fisher Hall, in which Shankar appeared as soloist in his new Concerto for Sitar (No. 2). The piece was performed with the New York Philharmonic under Zubin Mehta, whom Shankar calls "my brother from Bombay." A work of far higher aspiration than the Concerto No. 1 (which Shankar recorded with André Previn), the second concerto is a product of preparations that began more than a year ago.

Then, during a visit to the States, Shankar sat in on numerous rehearsals and performances by the Philharmonic. This was to familiarize himself with the special sound and the outstanding musical personalities of the orchestra's principals, particularly concertmaster violinist Glenn Dicterow and master flutist Julius Baker, whose artistry Shankar describes as "fantastic." These two, and several others, were then woven into internal dualogues with the sitar, following Mehta's suggestion that cadenza-like passages for the Western instruments would add interest and variety. The results were entirely beneficial.

The Indian cross-rhythms were performed by the Philharmonic's percussion team, playing tabla-like instruments—"wonderfully well," said Shankar. But, he confided, he was distracted: "I am accustomed to the tabla sound coming right here," pointing to the floor a few feet away, "rather than over there" stretching his arm into the distance.

To my ears, Shankar's concerto was a landmark effort to break the East-West barriers that Rudyard Kipling defined as impenetrable. But the fundamental fact is that everything called music, everywhere, is made up of vibrations, with a network of interlocking identities that can be obscured by tangential linguistic and cultural differences. The scale of the raga, Shankar lately explained to me in a conversation beside the Pacific Ocean in Santa Monica, California, "has twelve half-tones as does Western music, but also ten microtones among them, adding to twenty-two in all." All these come into the improvisatory resources of such men as Shankar and his associates.

To liken their improvisatory practices to those of jazz may strike some as far-fetched. But one factor is identical—both ragas and jazz are *player's music*. What George Gershwin did, in his innovational *Rhapsody in Blue* of 1924, has much in common with what Shankar was undertaking in Concerto No. 2 (and, I hope, in a No. 3 and others to come). Both men, deeply immersed in their own kinds of player's music, were impelled to formalize their idioms in a way that could be used by *other players*. "Yes," agrees Shankar, "the second concerto could be performed by another player of the sitar, such as some who have studied with me."

A further fine point that binds the *Rhapsody* and the concerto together: At first, Gershwin had only a rudimentary ability to orchestrate and so had to depend on the remarkable Ferde Grofé to do it for him. Shankar, too, had to seek help in arranging his music for full orchestra from two Westerners who have studied India's musical art with him: Fred Teague, now a resident of Los Angeles, and José-Louis Greco (son of the famous Brooklyn-born Spanish dancer, José Greco).

Shankar confirmed that publication of the score is in prospect. "We have another performance, Mehta and I, next March in London, during a month-long convocation on the arts of India." "How about a recording?" I asked. His answer was a smile that meant, "Just wait and see."

Purists will contend that Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* is not "pure" jazz just as Shankar's concerto is not "pure" raga—but think what opportunities Gershwin encouraged in others to liberate their own, similarly "different" impulses! Shankar's Concerto No. 2 hasn't made a perfect blend of all the "speech" difficulties he confronted, but it has brought them vastly closer together. Of course, the only barriers known to have collapsed all at once were the walls of Jericho. And wasn't a horn in there some place? Vibrations, vibrations, vibrations. ■

"The jury is instructed to ignore the witness's last outburst!"

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Peter Caranicas

A Cable Banquet

During three uncannily cool and cloudy days in Los Angeles at the end of May, 16,000 people converged upon that city's convention center and witnessed cable television move a little closer to its promise to provide program diversity for the medium that still remains a "vast wasteland." The occasion was the annual convention of the National Cable Television Association—the industry's trade and lobbying group—a gathering that has emerged as the marketplace in which program buyers and sellers conduct much of their business. More than 50 cable-program companies actively sold their wares at the event. As the number of cable subscribers increases (it now stands at 25 percent of all TV households), and as cable systems increase their capacities to 36, 54, and even 108 channels, many of these networks stand a chance of reaching substantial numbers of viewers. Here's a brief guide to the types of programs being offered over cable:

• Movie-oriented services. The best known of these, Home Box Office (HBO), pioneered the concept of a nationwide cable network back in 1975 when it started transmitting its signal to cable systems via satellite; today it reaches nearly 7 million homes. Similar services include Showtime, The Movie Channel, Cinemax, Home Theatre Network, and Prism. While some carry sports and variety specials, their main appeal lies in their movies, which are unedited and uninterrupted.

• Cultural channels. Once public broadcasting proved it had a growing, affluent audience for its highbrow programming, several companies—including the mighty TV networks—decided to offer similar fare over cable. ABC's cultural network, known as ARTS and featuring opera, symphonies, and ballet (mainly from Europe), is now available to 4 million homes. CBS Cable will launch its own cultural channel in October. RCA, the parent of NBC, has teamed up with Rockefeller Center, Inc. to start a cable service named The Entertainment Channel early next year. Anticipating this competition from cable, PBS has proposed its own cultural cable network, dubbing it the Public Subscriber Network (PSN). Finally, a performing-arts cable channel called Bravo, which has been available on several cable systems for two nights a week, has just expanded its schedule to seven days.

• Educational networks. The American Educational Television Network (AETN) of Irvine, California, and the Appalachian Community Service Network (ACSN) of Washington, D.C., both provide continuing-education programming to the entire country over cable. The Cable Satellite Public Affairs Network (C-SPAN) of Arlington, Virginia, telecasts live coverage of U.S. House of Representatives debates and will probably move its cameras into the Senate as well.

Cable is ushering in a new Darwinian age of television competition.

• Single-theme services. Ted Turner's Cable News Network (CNN) provides news 24 hours a day. The Entertainment and Sports Programming Network (ESPN) supplies nothing but sports. Galavision's shows are all in Spanish. The Music Channel consists of rock 'n' roll 24 hours a day.

• Magazine-type services. USA Network, Modern Satellite Network (MSN), and Satellite Program Network (SPN) all provide a variety of program genres, including women's shows, health and fitness programs, dramas and documentaries from Britain, sports, and children's programs.

• Adult channels. The restrictions on program content that apply in broadcasting are unknown in cable. Hence the emergence of networks sporting such names as Private Screenings, Escapade, Video, Eros, and Penthouse Entertainment Television(PET).

The list goes on and on. At least three companies are developing shop-at-home services, which will combine cable TV with the telephone for ordering merchandise demonstrated on screen. The *Today* show's Dr. Art Ulene is helping to plan a 24-hour-a-day health channel. All-women's channels are on the drawing boards in the offices of several women's magazine publishers, including Hearst and Charter Publishing. Additionally, cable channels can be devoted to such services as video games, teletext (written on-screen information), and, once the technology is in place, two-way TV, whereby the consumer interacts with a central computer through a small terminal in the home.

Of course, not all these services—which must compete for a finite amount of viewer time and attention—can survive. But the inevitable growth of the medium itself will ensure that as the weak fall by the wayside, new ones will sprout and grow. And the real beneficiary of this new Darwinian age coming to television will be the consumer, who will be offered more viewing choices than ever before. ■

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DIVERSIONS

SR Competition No. 23

Who has not whiled away a dreary Sunday playing parcheesi or Chinese checkers? Who has not eventually wished such games in Hell? Well then, invent a new board game, but for Heaven's sake forget nuclear missiles, supply-side economics, and other temporary topics. Go for the ages, like the inventor of chess, who knew that *nothing* was so stimulating as an attempt on the King. Diagrams MAY be submitted, but preference will be given to the rules alone.

Entries for Competition No. 23 must be received by September 4 and the winners will be announced in the November issue. The top three will collect $25 each. Send submissions to *SR* Competition No. 23, *Saturday Review*, 150 East 58 Street, New York 10155. All entries become the property of *SR*.

Winners of No. 20

We asked you to emulate the ever-jubilant brochure-writers whose job it is to entice young graduates, young engineers, or medical persons of any age to this or that company or locale. We are certain that subscribers responded in their thousands and library readers in their tens of thousands, but the truth is that very few actually went so far as to *mail in* their entries. Is boosterism dead? Have the daughters of Hype gone hoarse? These dreary questions, and their implied response, are more than everpresent to our mind as we read the First Prize winner, Mrs. Lorraine Rohman, of Brownville, Nebraska (population 203). Her fervent prose sprawls like the landscape closest to it, so we have had to cut, but here is your invitation as of 1854:

> Brownville is one of the most flourishing towns in Nebraska, of the most rapid growth and flattering prospects as it enjoys a situation perhaps unsurpassed by none and enjoyed by few in America. It is already a large and prosperous town although the spot was in the midst of the forest inhabited only by red men and wild animals as late as 12 months ago. The surrounding country has been settled with great rapidity, and the town is laid out with such taste and presents a fine appearance. Several broad streets meet from different points at a public green situated on a gentle elevation which commands a pretty view of the river where a new courthouse is to be completed. The place is one of the best for commerce on the upper Missouri, having a good landing place naturally formed by a flat rock.

And so we bid a reluctant farewell to Brownville, unsurpassed by none and enjoyed by few, and to that flat rock. Forward now into the 20th century, and our second prize winner, the redoubtable Jack Pope of San Francisco, whose brochure is nothing if not up-to-the-minute:

> 9-Digit Zip Code Co., in Zonesville, Ohio, has openings for a pre-sorted group of lettered college grads. We develop, manufacture, and market the new, extended zip codes. Our organization is just two years old, but already we've managed to capture the bulk of this booming market. Just six months ago, our first prototype was ready, a "stretch" version of the old 5-digit model. Two weeks later, we had perfected the first workable long zip. Most of our zips are sold through the mail. The zip costs only $1, plus $5 for postage and handling. Besides having more zips per thousand than any city in the nation, Zonesville is famous for the extra zip in its economy. That's because we have no inflation, no unemployment, no taxes, no pollution, and no crime.

And finally, our third prize winner, Joan Kelly of Pompano Beach, Florida, has just the ticket for all those high school and college graduates who desire to "work with people":

> Worried about crime? Job getting stale? Humdrum associates? Come, live like a lord and work in castle-like surroundings, with one of the most gorgeous river views in the United States! A short commute, high security, plus fascinating mix of people from all over the country, and every walk of life. Apply today for a guard position at Sing Sing!

All the honorable mentions this time go to winner no. 2, Jack Pope, who is a phenomenally resourceful contestant. For this particular game Mr. Pope was boosting the No-Obligation Company, a leading graphics industry outfit located in Exceptin, Nebraska. ("To make an appointment for your personal interview, call toll-free, day or night, 7 days a week: (800) 222-2222 (except in Nebraska.)"

To say nothing of the Whistle Blower Corp., of Washington D.C. (the company slogan is "Rat on!").

And the Sinkhole Corp. has a number of choice openings. ("If you're looking for a company that's always going places, we suggest you schedule a pit stop at Sinkhole sometime before our next move.")

Puzzles

Literary Crypt No. 168

LIGHT FOR LOURD TETRURX ORB YGGRNUXAD, ZSD LGTDH OIT RTTBTB DG HURX DAT BOKR.

X. YTITBUDA

Wit Twister No. 180

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The — — — — — — — — — her purple bloom would lose,
Were she from — — — — — — — — temperate exiled.
This heart, whose love thou
— — — — — — — — —, kindly use,
That it may prosper in thy sunshine mild!

A.S.

Answers next month

July Answers

Literary Crypt No. 167

A man who has not been in Italy, is always conscious of an inferiority.

Samuel Johnson

Wit Twister No. 179

revised, derives, deviser, diverse

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 209

Margaret Atwood: Lady Oracle

I never learned to cry with style, silently, the pearl-shaped tears rolling down... from wide, luminous eyes, as on the covers of *True Love* comics .... I wished I had; then I could have done it in front of people, instead of in bathrooms.

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Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

1 Z	2 K	3 C	4 I	5 A	6 T	7 E	■	8 C	9 O	■	10 G	11 V	12 Y	13 K	■	14 N	15 F
16 Q	■	17 T	18 L	19 N	20 W	21 B	22 S	23 G	24 I	25 O	26 P	■	27 C	28 W	■	29 L	30 J
31 W	32 E	33 S	34 Y	■	35 V	36 G	37 N	■	38 T	39 B	40 N	41 W	42 O	43 X	44 Z¹	45 L	46 Q
47	47 F	48 C	■	49 Z²	50 R	51 G	52 B	53 D	■	54 A	55 F	56 K	57 V	58 I	■	59 C	60 G
61 E	62 L	63 X	■	64 K	65 Z	■	66 P	67 Z	■	68 F	69 E	70 N	■	71 D	72 X	73 B	■
74 G	75 Z	76 W	77 H	■	78 Z	79 I	■	80 M	81 B	82 Z	83 J	84 E	85 A	86 S	■	87 Q	88 Z¹
89 Z	90 K	91 G	■	92 H	93 A	94 Q	95 D	96 M	97 Y	98 Z²	■	99 C	100 R	101 X	102 K	■	103 F
104 X	105 L	106 Q	107 I	■	108 W	109 H	■	110 A	111 Z	112 H	■	113 O	114 L	115 Z	116 Z¹	117 U	118 Z²
119 T	120 R	121 H	122 K	■	123 I	124 P	125 M	126 C	127 Y	■	128 E	129 Z²	■	130 D	131 I	132 W	133 T
■	134 X	135 Q	136 H	137 U	■	138 R	139 V	140 D	141 P	142 Y	143 S	■	144 O	145 W	146 K	147 R	148 E
149 T	150 L	151 G	152 P	153 Q	154 V	155 D	156 B	■	157 W	158 Z¹	■	159 Z¹	160 E	161 N	162 Z	163 P	164 U
165 V	166 I	167 J	■	168 V	169 B	170 R	171 S	172 Y	■	173 A	174 E	175 P	176 Z	■	177 J	178 Z¹	■
179 H	180 A	181 N	182 W	183 E	184 Z¹	■	185 P	186 J	187 V	188 T	189 W	190 C	■	191 V	192 B	193 M	194 W
195 I	196 S	197 U	198 O	199 F	200 N	201 P	202 Z	203 J	■	204 L	205 Z²	■	206 D	207 A	208 M	209 S	210 Y

Middleton Double Crostic No. 210

CLUES **WORDS**

A. American political leader (1711?-79), b. Stonington, Conn., signer of the Declaration of Independence (full name)
173 180 207 5 54 85 93 110

B. Not commendable
169 192 21 39 52 73 81 156

C. Cunning person or animal
190 3 48 59 27 8 99 126

D. Light two-wheeled carriage without a top
130 140 155 71 95 206 53

E. Not capable of being influenced or affected
61 84 148 160 183 32 69 128 174 7

F. Deadened
15 55 103 47 199 68

G. East Indian dish of rice, lentils and spices
74 91 151 10 23 36 51 60

H. Seaport, north Belgium
92 109 121 77 112 136 179

I. Strong inclinations
195 4 24 107 131 166 58 79 123

J. Looseness
167 177 186 30 83 203

K. Conceded
2 13 56 64 90 102 122 146

L. Edward Lear's forte
150 204 18 29 45 62 105 114

M. Like a blowhard
80 96 125 193 208

N. Soared
14 40 161 181 200 19 37 70

O. Swiped; copped; nabbed
113 144 9 25 42 198

P. "All the heart and the soul and ___, for ever in joy!" (2 wds.; Browning, "Saul")
201 66 124 141 152 163 175 185 26

Q. Kind of march, cake, chest, day, or ring
87 135 16 46 106 153 94

R. Raises with effort or force
100 138 120 50 147 170

S. Vast
171 209 22 33 86 143 196

T. Violent storm
6 17 119 38 149 188 133

U. Coin, originate
137 164 197 117

V. Self-evident
57 139 187 11 168 35 154 191 165

W. Leather dressing (comp. and wd.)
145 194 132 182 41 28 157 76 189 20 108 31

X. Majestic
101 72 63 104 43 134

Y. Reading desk
12 127 172 142 210 34 97

Z. Considering (4 wds.)
82 75 1 162 67
202 78 115 111 176 89 65

Z¹ Goods of the highest quality
158 116 88 44 159 178

Z² Crude image, often for hanging or burning
49 205 129 118 98 184

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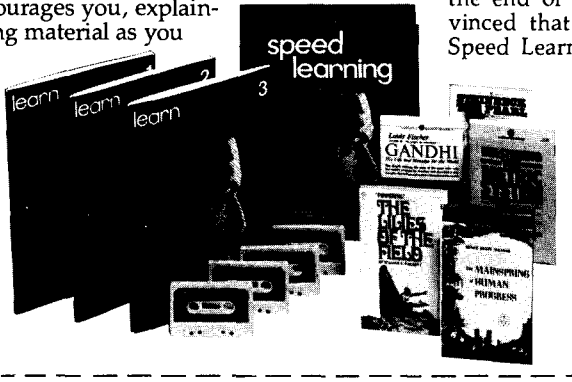

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SR RECOMMENDS

Books

Fiction

The Issa Valley, by Czeslaw Milosz, translated by Louis Iribarne (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 296 pp. $13.95). Nobel laureate Milosz, now teaching in Berkeley, tenderly evokes the strange journey from early childhood to adolescence.

July's People, by Nadine Gordimer (The Viking Press, 192 pp., $10.95). Gordimer gets better with each novel. This one explores the fears of white South Africans—black revolution and the disintegration of white society—and the nature of the relationship between masters and servants. Powerful and convincing.

Loitering With Intent, by Muriel Spark (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 217 pp., $12.95). An enjoyable novel by a British pro, who subtly explores the connections between life and art while spinning a highly entertaining yarn.

Nonfiction

The Last Laugh, by S.J. Perelman (Simon & Schuster, 192 pp., $12.95). The late S.J. Perelman was one of this century's incomparable wits and prose stylists. In this, his final collection of autobiographical writings and comic essays, the laughs keep coming.

Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number, by Jacobo Timerman, translated by Toby Talbot (Alfred A. Knopf, 164 pp., $10.95). An eloquent and important account of neo-Nazi activities in Argentina. Journalist Timerman was kidnapped, imprisoned and tortured by the Argentine military, mainly, it seems, because he is a Jew. His moving testimony speaks loudly for the need for a strong U.S. human-rights policy.

The Lisle Letters, edited by Muriel St. Clare Byrne (University of Chicago Press, 3,952 pp., $250 until December 31, 1981, $300 thereafter). This six-volume compilation of the letters and papers of Arthur Plantagenet, Viscount Lisle, the bastard son of England's Edward IV, has been in the works for 50 years. It offers a panorama of everyday life during the reign of Henry VIII. Lisle eventually crossed the king and ended up in the Tower of London. Fascinating, detailed history for the patient—and well-heeled.

The Child Savers: Juvenile Justice Observed, by Peter S. Prescott (Alfred A. Knopf, 244 pp., $12.95). Prescott was allowed to sit in on the usually closed proceedings of New York City's Family Court. His bottom line: The juvenile justice system doesn't work. His book does.

Mornings on Horseback, by David McCullough (Simon & Schuster, 445 pp., $17.95). The story of the first 27 years in the privileged life of Theodore Roosevelt, who never felt more alive than when killing something. Interesting digressions and juxtapositions allow McCullough, author of *The Path Between the Seas*, to probe deeply into Teddy's personality.

National Defense, by James Fallows (Random House, 206 pp., $12.95). A former speech writer for President Carter, Fallows makes a generally convincing case that our defense planners have flubbed it. Fallows contends that from the F-16 fighter plane to the M-16 rifle, the Pentagon has failed to get the most bang for its bucks. He sees the same fate ahead for the B-1 bomber and the MX missile.

Theater

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music (Nederlander Theater, New York City). When Horne stops singing, her stage personality—bitter superstar who, deep down, is just a funky farm girl—can grate. But fortunately, she devotes nearly all the evening to song, and when she grabs hold of a tune, she stretches its rhythmic and emotional boundaries to stunning breadth.

The Pirates of Penzance (Uris Theater, New York City). Director Wilford Leach and music director William Elliott set an overall tone of intelligence and charm. This *Pirates* has been put together by contemporary Americans who love and respect the work but who will not try to mimic Victorian Englishmen or their descendants.

42nd Street (Majestic Theater, New York City). "Hear the beat/of dancing feet," says the title song, and never did a lyric fix a show's essence more neatly. Choreographed by the late Gower Champion on Thirties models, the brisk tappings carry us along on a pleasant tide of nostalgia. The show is just chunks of agreeable stuff that makes us feel things were better back then, but what more does one want from a Broadway musical?

SR's Phoenix Code

- Outstanding
- Excellent
- Good
- Notable

Film

Raiders of the Lost Ark. This Steven Spielberg-George Lucas collaboration is for movie-lovers of all ages, a nonstop, Saturday-matinee, action-adventure lark. It involves archaeology, buried treasure, exotic places, hairbreadth escapes, nasty Nazis, ultra-heroics by Harrison Ford—his courage and his fedora ever in place—and Karen Allen, the spunkiest gal ever to venture around in a tattered evening gown; and, for a denouement—in smashing special effects—even the wrath of God.

S.O.B. Blake Edwards's very black comedy about movie-making in Hollywood today brims with "inside" satire and sparkles with "outside" wit, with Julie Andrews as America's G-rated sweetheart; Robert Preston, William Holden, and Robert Weber the only half-way decent people at hand; and the suggestion that loyalty and

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devotion are for puppy dogs and drunks.

Coup de Sirocco. This first feature film by Alexandre Arcady, an Algerian-born Frenchman, is a charming story of a family, presumably his own, following the child's early life in Algiers and the family's difficult move to Paris. Marthe Villalonga is noteworthy as the mother in this tender and humorous story of the "Pieds-Noirs."

Eye of the Needle. Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan are outstanding in Richard Marquand's tough, tense film of the Ken Follett thriller that traces the nefarious path of a Nazi spy chasing after the Allied invasion plans in wartime Britain.

Records

Handel: Partenope (4-German Harmonia Mundi 1C 157-99 855/58, $43.92). A witty and lovely opera about an attractive Neapolitan warrior queen who is loved by four men, one of whom is a woman disguised. The singing is lightweight and fleet, the playing by La Petite Bande—a Holland-based old-instruments group with a superb string section—exquisite. (Available from German News Co., 220 East 86 St., New York, N.Y. 10028.)

Mozart: Symponies (4-L'Oiseau Lyre D171D4, cassette K171K44, $39.92). In the fifth volume of its complete cycle of Mozart symphonies, the Academy of Ancient Music performs—on their old instruments—eight works composed by Mozart between the ages of 19 and 27. Clear textures and intense tone make chestnuts such as the *Haffner* (No. 35) and *Linz* (No. 36) symphonies dart around the room.

Shostakovich: Symphony No. 7 (2-London Digital LDR 10015, cassette LDR5-10015, $21.96). Ernest Newman placed this work "between so many degrees longitude and . . . platitude." It's long and schmaltzy, but as the composer's impression of Russia at war with Hitler—and perhaps with itself—it is passionate and stirring, and this is a good performance. Bernard Haitink and the London Philharmonic also play the composer's *Age of Gold*, a noisy 1930 ballet about a football team at an industrial fair.

Gidon and Elena Kremer, Recital (Philips 9500 912, cassette 7300 912). The protean violinist is joined by his pianist wife for sinewy readings of Stravinsky's *Duo Concertant*, the Ravel *Sonate posthume*, and short pieces by Satie and Milhaud. Kremer also rips through the Prokofiev sonata for unaccompanied violin.

Lucia Popp, Recital (Acanta Bellaphon EA 23.330, $10.98). Popp, a Czech, sings folksy art songs by Dvořák, Janáček, Kodály, and Prokofiev in the original languages in her distinctive, lambent soprano. Geoffrey Parsons, perhaps the finest singers' accompanist in the business, is at the piano. (Available from German News Company.)

Art

Philip Guston (Whitney Museum, New York City). A full-scale retrospective of a leading New York School painter who died last year at the age of 68. Guston's late shift to cartoon-like figuration is still controversial. (June 30 Through September 13.)

Jean Dubuffet (The Guggenheim Museum, New York). An 80th birthday celebration for a leading figure on the French—and international—art scene. Ranging in date from 1943 to 1979, the paintings, drawings, and sculptures in this show trace Dubuffet's path from the desperation of *art brut* to the odd lyricism of his recent black-on-white style. (Through September 27.)

Treasures of Asian Art: 100 Masterpieces From the Idemitsu Museum of Arts (Seattle Art Museum). Chinese screens and bronzes, Japanese lacquer and stoneware, paintings from Southeast Asia—these and more are selected from a Japanese collection considered to be one of the best in the Far East. (Through October 25.)

Dance

José Limón Dance Company (Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, New York). The two-month season of ballet, modern dance, music, and drama concludes with four performances of *Carlota*, the last choreography by the late Limón, to be danced by Carla Maxwell for whom it was created and who now heads the company. Limón's *The Unsung*, an unaccompanied work for an all-male cast, and Doris Humphrey's all-female dance classic of 1928, *Air for G String*, are among the other offerings. (August 27 through 29.)

Boston Ballet (on the Charles River Esplanade, Boston). The company, returning from a two-week engagement at London's Coliseum performing its production of *Swan Lake* (with Rudolf Nureyev as guest star) and from appearances at the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, presents alfresco programs in its home city. (August 14 through 22.)

The Out-of-Towners (American Theater Laboratory, 219 West 19th Street, New York City). The fourth annual presentation of non-New York modern dancers under the auspices of the Dance Theater Workshop. Mattix Dance, with Karen Attix and Virginia Matthews from San Francisco (August 6 through 9); dances by Margaret Fisher and Robert Hughes from Chicago (August 13 through 16); Charlie Vernon and dancers from Chicago (August 20 through 22); Dee McCandless with Invisible, Inc., from Austin, Texas (August 27 through 29).

Pepsico Summerfare '81 (State University of New York at Purchase). Erick Hawkins and his dancers (August 1 and 2); the Los Angeles Ballet (August 7 through 9); Vanaver Caravan in early American folk dances (August 9).

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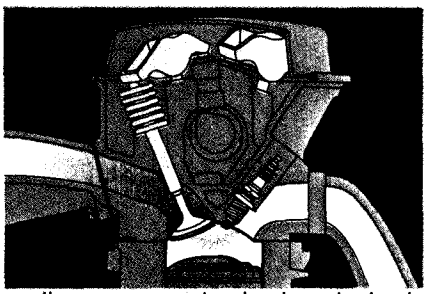

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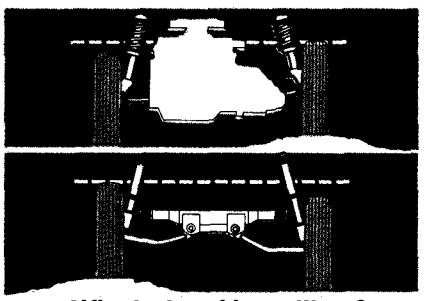

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